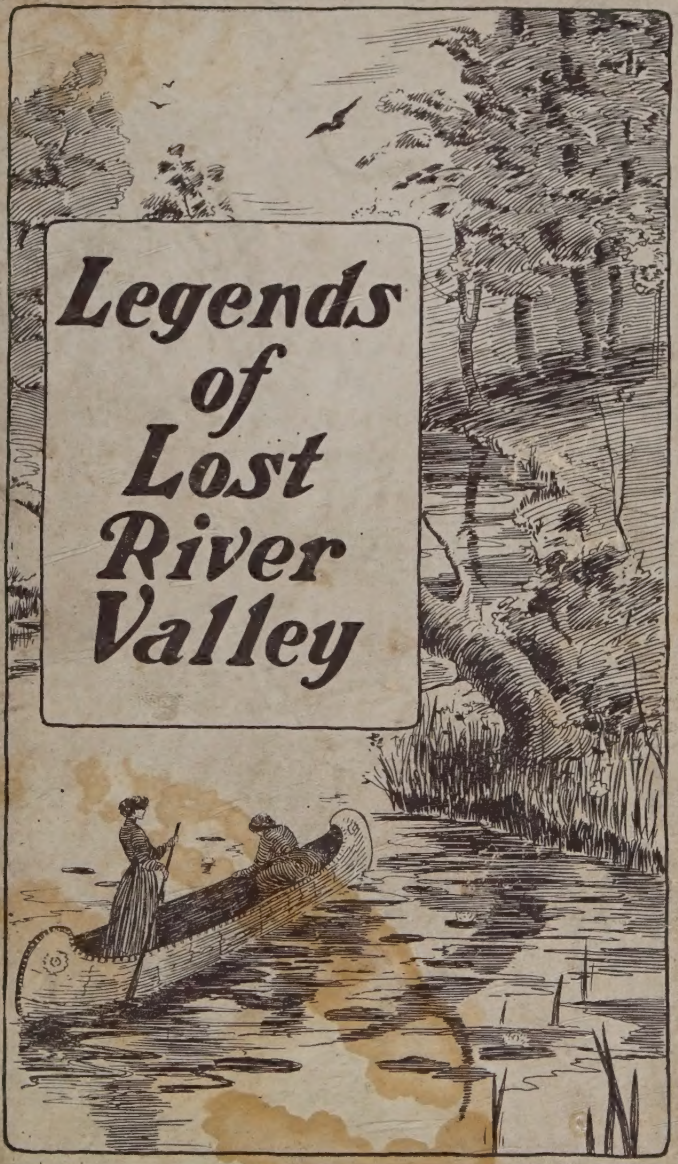
Legends of Lost River Valley



LEGENDS

OF

LOST RIVER VALLEY

As Related by Joseph Pontus

Arranged by William B. Cunningham

CHICAGO
CHAMPLIN & CARLISLE

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BY
WILLIAM B. CUNNINGHAM

INTRODUCTORY.

Recollecting the interest awakened in the minds of those who heard the words of Joseph Pontus, as spoken during the preparation of the memoranda from which the following chapters were written, and ever recalling the request of my comrades and friends of long ago, I have sacredly preserved the original memoranda for many years past.

If their use at this time serves to kindle in the mind and heart of the reader, even a trifling part of the interest created by their original delivery, I will be amply repaid for time spent and work done, and shall enjoy the satisfaction of having, to some extent, at least, contributed to the entertainment and happiness of others.

ROBERT BENTON.

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Legends

OF

Lost River Valley

CHAPTER I.

Joseph Pontus.

FROM the center of the stream of Lost River the elevation is generally abrupt for some distance, forming well rounded hills, and back of these, the surface is level, or gently undulating, forming a plateau of marvellous beauty and richness. On the western part of this plateau, under the protection of the mighty hills, whose forest-crowned tops seem to bank against the sky, was located the home of Joseph Pontus; here he had resided for more than half a century. His father was an adventurous fur trader, who often visited the Indian tribes, in the original fur age, when purchasing furs of Indians was the great western industry; his mother was an Indian girl, who was tall and lithe, and who, in beauty and elegance of manner, excelled any other woman in her tribe. Joe was reared among the rugged scenes and shared the stormy experiences of frontier life, from the Indian point of view, at the time

when the white man gradually, but certainly, step by step, drove the Indian toward the setting sun.

As a lad, he was playful, full of bravery and determination, and in the midst of the disappointments and the joys of his young life, the one emotion that asserted itself and controlled all others, was his unwavering fidelity to his mother. He clung to her with all the strength and devotion of his youthful heart, and when she was taken from him by death, his proud young spirit was utterly broken. He was silent and alone in the great world, so full of uncertainties and dangers. But at length there appeared a rift in the cloud of sorrow pending over him, he gradually emerged from this great grief with no one to bestow parental affection upon him, and to know no master but the great spirit of the heavens, his mother's God, and the only God of his earlier years.

He soon asserted his individuality among his comrades. He was a physical stalwart even in the midst of a tribe of aborigines distinguished for its braves of gigantic size and courage. Yes, "There were giants in the earth in those days," men of bravery and unwavering fidelity to the welfare of a race, by decree of the God of the nations, doomed to slow but certain extinction. Joe's shrewdness and intelligence made him an important factor and adviser in matters of both local

and of a public nature. "Wit will shine through the dark cadence of a rugged line."

Years hurried by, the waves of time and war and death passed over the Indian people. The distinguished Tecumseh's brother, Elskwatawa, the prophet, the war leader of the tribe, was slain at Tippecanoe, which place is now known as "Battle Ground," on the Monon line, beside the Wabash River, in Tippecanoe County, Indiana, and his people—his nation—gradually faded away, as if dazzled and stupified by the effulgence of the Star of Empire on its western pilgrimage.

The storms of many winters, the passing of many years, the anxieties and griefs that burdened his sympathetic heart, had made deep impressions on Joe's strength and appearance. His long, straight hair had assumed the whiteness of the snow. He remained near his old home—near the grave of his mother, and had grown to be a venerable father. Full of wisdom and experience, he was universally called by the name of Uncle Joe, which name, however, was used only as a term of endearment and as a recognition of the superior wisdom of this venerable but rough child of nature.

Joe's people, the Shawnees, having slowly and solemnly passed on toward the great Pacific sea, he remained, quiet, solitary and alone. Like the stalwart oak, having braved the storms that had pros-

trated its fellows, standing alone and solitary on the mountain, the sole reminder of its departed comrades, so he remained the noble, picturesque and solitary reminder of a vanquished race.

He had erected a comfortable house many years before, had planted gardens and cared for them after the manner of the white people, and gradually, and even unperceptibly to himself, had adopted the ways of living of his white neighbors, who always made him one of their number. The new learning and intelligence that seemed to spread over the west, like the air we breathe, like the light of the sun, or the rising of the morning, seemed to pronounce a benediction on his declining years. He was great in his influence, great in his wisdom, and great in the admiration and respect of the people; he accepted the blessings of civilization, and the white people were his brethren. The white residents were uncouth and unpolished, and in many respects, Joe was head and shoulders above them all. Perhaps it was true that no one knew as much as he, of everything and everybody, but, whether true or not, there was in the minds of the neighbors no doubt, that when desired information was not elsewhere obtainable, he was the unfailing source from which that commodity could be procured. Marvelous stories were told of him. Perhaps it was an inspiration, perhaps oraculous, but whatever may be

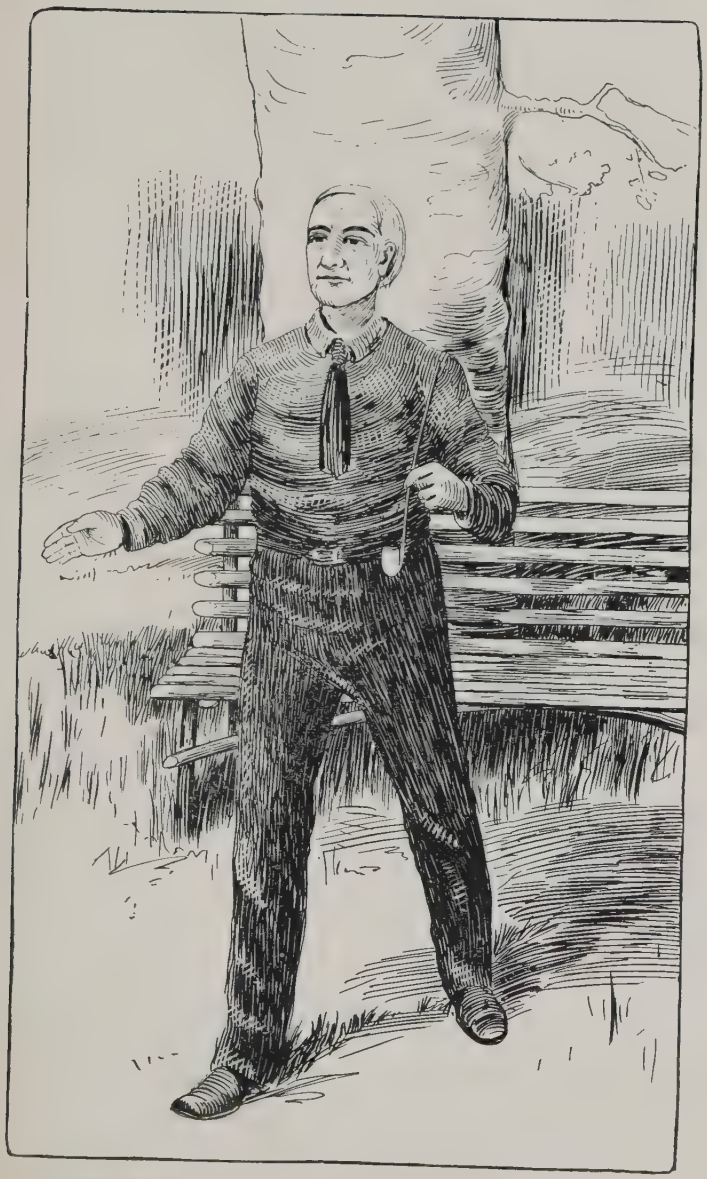
the theory or explanation, it was a matter about which there was no dispute, that Uncle Joe was in some way gifted and full of knowledge in the matters of the graver sort.

Four young men who had been visiting the Medicine Springs near by, moved by curiosity and interested by the marvelous stories related of Uncle Joe, concluded to go to his home to see the venerable father—to hear his own words, to be prepared to form opinions, on all mooted points regarding him, for themselves. Regarding this as a trip of pleasure, they ascended the hill in a rollicsome and aggressive mood and presented themselves at his home. He was seated under a wide-spreading beech tree, which formed a veranda of leaves and shade in front of his house, smoking a long-stemmed pipe. As the four men came near the house they selected Mr. Robert Benton as their spokesman and imposed on him the duty of keeping memoranda of their interview. They approached with some degree of hesitation, but when near the house Uncle Joe arose with great dignity and received his visitors with such kindness that the faces of each of them seemed to say, "Sure enough, we have found the grand old man." Mr. Benton said, "We are told that you have resided here longer than any other person, and you know many things of people and facts concerning this community in the earlier years that are un-

known to the great body of the inhabitants. Will you tell us something of your early life and something of the times and events through which you have passed?"

With great deliberation, Uncle Joe filled his pipe afresh and said: "Gentlemen, pray be seated. I am glad to see you, and am happy to relate anything that I may know of interest to you. In my old days I sit here much of the time, thinking of the past and future; about the present I do not have much concern, as I have something to live on, in my simple way, and have learned that a home here on this pleasant table-land among these friendly trees, and their more friendly warbling inhabitants, away from the miasma of the swamps, away from the sewer and other gases of towns and cities, away from the contagious diseases that thrive, and grow, and spread, and kill in crowded localities, away from the need of insurance (as there is no one living who would burn my home and I am not fool enough to burn it myself), is not a bad thing for an old man to possess, and affords innumerable comforts and advantages. But, I beg pardon, gentlemen, you requested that I tell something of myself and of the events of olden times, and did not expect my mind to wander to the highest hill and take a crack at broad creation.

"Now, as to myself. I lived with my mother



"GENTLEMEN, PRAY BE SEATED, I AM GLAD TO SEE YOU"

and was an Indian in my mode of life until I was fourteen years of age, when the Great Spirit took her away from me and I was a lonely orphan boy. By her death I suffered the greatest loss that a human being ever sustained; but her influence has ever overshadowed me. My heart still loves her, and my prayer has ever been that the Great Spirit will guide me to her when I cross the River, for I know her arms are ever outstretched to receive me. When I was alone I played with the Indians, I lived with them, but I ever and earnestly wanted to be with the white people. I never crossed or disagreed with my Indian friends, but helped them when I could, but when the proud Shawnees gradually left this country, I remained, and slowly emerged from the influence and associations of the free and happy Indian life to the more elevating influences of the white men and women. I read much; I learned much; and while I never inclined to return to my life with the Indians, still I loved them, and the many hardships that befell them seemed ever to rest heavily upon my soul, and I have helped the poor and helpless among them all these years.

An hundred times while hunting on the hill-tops, I have found myself gazing intently to the far west, childishly striving to penetrate the fogs of the Mississippi Valley, and imagining that away there, beside the western rivers—in the shades

of the Rockies, I could see my people in their struggle for existence—in their struggle for bread; then, the reverie dispelled, I would turn away—my heart full of sadness—my eyes full of tears; and in their discouragements and defeats, in their wanderings and their intervals of happiness, my prayers for their welfare have ever ascended to the Great Spirit—their own God—their own protecting Spirit.

"My younger life was spent much in the woods with the dogs and gun. The gun is usually the delight of a boy, but this sensation was more delightful to me than to boys generally, because I had two dogs, each of whom seemed to understand that the special duty of protecting their young master rested solely upon him, and the additional fact that upon the departure of the Indian hunters the timber wolves grew very plentiful and could easily be found by the dogs. In addition to this, there was in me an intense intoxication in going to the woods and returning with a wolf as a trophy of the hunt. That I was elated over my success in hunting, is not only true, but I fear that I sometimes permitted the spirit of triumph and exaltation to exceed the bounds of discretion. The truth was that I could go into the haunts of the wolves in a sense of security, because I knew those dogs would defend me as long as life remained in them. In my long life, I have never

had more courageous and faithful friends. When I am not hunting with the dogs, I remain at home and read a great deal and write to my Indian friends. I like books and keep many of them here on these shelves. While thus spending a day at home, I raised the window in the morning to let the fresh air in, and at noon I sat on the porch watching the men haul grain from the fields, and as the sun sank behind the western hills, I sat down at my table and wrote.

"THE WHOLE DAY.

"Raise high the eastern windows,
All hail the coming day,
Drink full the morning freshness,
Gain life and health for aye.

"Rejoice in day's high noon time,
It's life and strength to all,
Rejoice in heaven's sweet boon time,
Earth's children—great and small.

"Fare thee well, thou sinking sun,
Night's shadows o'er thee creep,
Inviting nature's common rest,
Heaven's gift to mankind—sleep."

CHAPTER II.

Lost River

Mr. Benton: "But, Mr. Pontus, we have heard so many speak of Lost River and have heard stories that sound queer to us, now what are we to understand about Lost River? Is there a river? Was it in fact lost, and how, and when, and where? If lost was it ever found?"

Mr. Pontus: "Gentlemen, Lost River is a reality and one of those geological freaks of nature, if I may use such a term, that is not easily explained. The facts are, plainly speaking, that a considerable stream whose waters are gathered in the northeastern part of the county flows in a southerly direction, and when it reaches a point south-east of Orleans, it finds a low, open piece of ground where it spreads out for a considerable distance after the fashion of a little lake, or perhaps a large pond, which is fringed with rough vegetable life, that finds nourishment in the low ground, and somehow—that is not perceptible to a casual observer—it sinks and gets out of the way, gradually, but completely, out of the sight. It has found an opening that enables it to go somewhere and not return to the surface in that particular neighborhood; so that the river is lost. It has disappeared in an unknown way, has found a course of its own without consulting the wishes, or catering to the curiosity of the inhabitants.

"Now that is all it seems to do. You can not see it rush precipitately over a fall; you can not see it form a great whirlpool in which logs and debris keep whirling about and then make a mad rush down the center, reminding you of a diminutive maelstrom; you can not observe the exact point where the waters of Lost River make their descent. No, you stand there and look at the water as it spreads out before you, with weeds about the edges, with a quiet surface on the stream, with sticks of wood lying lazily on the surface of rather muddy water, and you likely see a squad of wild ducks 'summer resorting' on the pond, and that is all. But when we turn our eyes beyond the water, you see a distinct channel, say sixty feet wide, and from four to ten feet deep, leading away off before you. You follow the channel and find it distinct and well defined, and you then know that water, at one time, filled that now vacant river bed. Water fowl no doubt, loved that quiet, shady stream and loved to gather under the low branches of the over-hanging trees and enjoy the shade, the coolness and strength arising from the clear, running water, and if there you may have heard the merry twittering, and even the louder bird-song notes, ringing out upon the morning air in such variety and volume as to render the scene unique and enjoyable. You can easily imagine light-running canoes gliding up and down the stream bearing pretty Indian girls

on a visit to their neighbors. But, of course, I never saw these pleasant scenes, nor heard these cheery bird-songs, nor did I ever see those Indian girls; nor can I testify, from actual observation, that they were pretty, but when we can have things as we wish, when we are to have canoes, they can just as well be light and gliding as ordinary mud scows; the bird-songs might as well be clear, sweet and cheery as like the dull thug of the bull-frog; and as to those Indian girls, who would be willing to rave about untidy girls when we can as well imagine them to be artistic and pretty ones. I hope this sentiment will meet with the approval of all present."

Mr. Benton: "Yes, Mr. Pontus, it is agreed that those girls, if there were any, who rode in those canoes, if there were any canoes, were all pretty, with peach-blow cheeks, cherry lips, pearly teeth, with wild roses in their hair, and that they were singing the prettiest Indian love songs as they glided down that river bed now dryer than a horn."

Mr. Pontus: "That important point being definitely and satisfactorily settled, we will look up the channel of that river again or it will be lost as well as the river. This channel leads off toward the northwest and is usually easily followed; but at points in the valley where the waters frequently rise and run sluggishly through the river bed, the channel is gradually being filled up and

the banks gradually washed away; and these influences acting together have the effect of destroying the distinctness of the channel in many places. In can not be absolutely proven that the waters that disappeared in the pond aforesaid, ever again appear on the surface of the earth, but about ten or eleven miles distant from the point where the river disappears, where the little town of Orangeville is now located, a peculiar scene attracts attention. A great spring rushes from under the hill. A veritable river bursts from the hillside and flows away toward the ravine below. This affords the water supply for the whole town. The people on the hill above the spring have wires stretched from their homes to the spring, and on these wires buckets are hung on pulleys; they are run down to the spring, by their own weight, and when full are drawn up by a windlass; so the spring is being utilized by all the people of the town. Whence came these waters? Why is it that the channel of a river leads towards this great spring? What became of Lost River? Have its waters been hemmed in, in a great reservoir for ages, and where? What influences furnish the waters of this unusual fountain? Now consider these facts, viz:

"First. That a river without doubt, in the long ago, ran through that old river bed.

"Second. There is no other river near that could have run there but Lost River.

"Third. During the unusual freshets, when Lost River is very full, the water is forced up through the rocks near this river bed, miles distant from where the river disappears, and spreads over the land.

"Fourth. The abandoned river bed leads the way from the pond where the river disappeared towards the great spring that comes so unexpectedly from the hillside under the town.

"Fifth. The size of the river as compared with the volume of water in the spring, indicates that it is the same.

"Sixth. What becomes of the waters of Lost River which, during freshets, swell and rage and rush in great volume to some outlet, if they do not find their way to this spring?

"Seventh. Although the county abounds in many noted springs, many of them large, many of them what is known among the Indians as Medicine Springs, of great strength and beauty, as those of French Lick and West Baden, yet no one of them approaches in the volume of the water the great spring at Orangeville.

"These circumstances almost unerringly show that the same river that disappeared near Orleans and Paola is the same that now rushes with hurry and bustle from under the hill and chases on until it is lost in the south fork of the White River, thence to the Wabash—to the Ohio—to

the Mississippi and the sea. For these reasons, the great spring is said to be the rise of Lost River and these reasons are regarded as satisfactory to the residents generally, and geologists and others who are versed in the knowledge of the geological formations of Southern Indiana allege nothing that is inconsistent with this view. It is, therefore, concluded that Lost River has been found.

"The theory and explanation is, that that portion of the country is built upon great rocks; that the rocks have openings between them, and that one of these openings happened to be at the point where the river disappeared and that the water flows down and through and between the rocks and follows one or many subterranean water-ways until it is liberated from prison by bursting from under the hill in the great spring at Orangeville.

"Many stories are related of Lost River. It seems to have been a theme prolific of 'yarns' and stories of the shady sort. One story was that about a hundred fish, called Croppies, that were never known to inhabit Lost River, were liberated in the waters of Lost River where it descends into the unknown, and a net was set below the big spring at Orangeville and many of these fish were shortly thereafter caught in the net. Another story was that an Indian riding in a little canoe was caught in

the sinking water and carried down and found a cavern where he was safe, but could not get out, and his friends tied food to a board and sent it into the river and kept him alive, until they released him, a week later. Again it was said that a man who lived near the river killed his wife and the mob undertook to lynch him and that he, being well acquainted with the currents of Lost River, rushed into the lake, dove into the water and was never heard of again. Another story was that a lot of corks were thrown into Lost River, near the point of its going down, and that these corks were soon after found bobbing about in the spring where it bursts from under the hill near Orangeville. But I relate these stories with due consideration of the source whence they came and with such allowances and reservations as are proper when your friends relate what actually occurred when on their last fishing trip.

"This section of the country was generally heavily timbered, and the forests were so dense and the trees so tall that the ground, in the distance, was entirely obscured. Great oaks, poplars, burr-oaks, hickory, beech and other varieties grew in profusion and of prodigious size; more especially were they large about the springs and rivers and in the lower grounds. About the great Lost River spring these trees seemed to struggle to rear their wide-spreading tops above their fellows, to wave

and play in the stronger winds above the general herd of trees. After the Indians had been defeated at Tippecanoe, the government stationed soldiers here and there to keep watch on the Indians and prevent another uprising. One company camped on the bluff east of Lost River Valley, and built a stockade of heavy logs, as a protection. About this time, two gentlemen came from the south to use the waters of the Medicine Springs near the head of the valley, and to hunt for the big game, bear, deer, wolves and other wild animals, as well as wild turkeys in the neighboring hills. In their trips over the hills they came upon the Lost River Spring, and so delighted were they with the water and the surrounding scenery that they built a fire and camped there for the night, leaving their friends to discuss the probability of their being devoured by the timber wolves, so plentiful at that time. During their stay they would many times visit the great spring, cook their dinners there and rest themselves and their hunting dogs after the chase.

"As soon as the snows of the following winter had disappeared, one of the gentlemen came back, hired men and built two large log houses with great porches to each of them, and arranged everything for the convenience of two families, to arrive on the first of June for the summer. Each of the families had grown children and as the

daughters were educated and accomplished and in the very prime of young womanhood, it was not surprising that they should create a stir, approaching a sensation, in the neighborhood. It soon was 'the proper caper' to visit the newcomers at the spring. Mrs. Brown had the largest house in the neighborhood, and by general consent and her own inclination, the young people in the community would congregate at Mrs. Brown's frequently to spend the evening and pass away the happy hours in the merry whirl of the genuine country dance—and between the dances Jack Hedges, who was a great expert, would entertain the party by an exhibit of his 'single footer' accomplishments. What added zest and genuine enjoyment to these social gatherings was the fact that Mrs. Brown was happy to be able to oblige her young friends with these gatherings and everybody knew that fact.

"Captain Howard Payne was with his company and was part of the army which was temporarily quartered among the bluffs on the side of the valley. To satisfy his curiosity, and moved by the wonderful tales he had heard of the spring, he mounted his horse and galloped along the winding road through the forest, crossing ravines and roaring creeks until he dismounted at the Lost River Spring. He stood for some minutes gazing in surprise and astonishment at the scene

before him. It seemed that a small river was bursting from the hillside. The spring was circular in form and about thirty feet in diameter. The water came with such force and profusion that it lashed the water from the other side of the spring and then rolled and tumbled toward the center in a noisy jumble, then hurried away toward the White River and was soon lost in the forest-shaded ravines aud gorges, on its way to the great Mississippi, and the sea. But the spell that controlled Captain Payne was now broken, for above the noise of the gurgling waters he heard the full, clear notes of a lady's voice, as sweet and free as the song of the wild birds of the mountain. By walking toward the other side of the spring, he saw a young lady resting on a rustic seat built on the roots of a great oak. Surprised, she arose quickly, her hat swinging by its ties in her hand and with wild flowers in her hair. The Captain lifted his soldier's hat in the severest soldierly manner and said 'Ah, Miss, good morning. I hope you will not consider me rude. I am a stranger in the neighborhood and came to see the spring. Are you the nymph of the spring?', She came toward him, saying, 'Oh, no, Captain, I live for the summer just there, at that house on the hillside and come here mornings to read and rest where I can hear the music of these cheery waters. Here is a cup if you would like

to try the water; I imagine it is sweeter and clearer by this white rock,' and she filled the cup and handed it to him saying 'please excuse me, good morning.' This was accompanied by the most graceful little courtesy and she hurried along the path and soon disappeared in the vine-covered veranda of the summer house. The captain stood musing. 'What a lovely face—so expressive and sweet. Her voice so clear and joyous, and she so lithe, so tall, so graceful; and kind nature, so often partial, has united her powers with good health and sunshine to make her singularly attractive.

"What though the sun with ardent frown
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown

"Nevertheless she was altogether a beauty. She seemed to him like a wild flower of the mountain, the Goddess of the Spring. He admired the water, the tall trees, the great solitude of the surrounding forests. Trees of such marvelous growth and miles of them on every side; great high reaching oaks, and below the spring cypress trees of mammoth growth rearing their foliage-crowned tops far above their comrades. Such a brotherhood of giants! God's own great trees,—planted and pruned by Him alone! Near the head of the spring, stood a stalwart oak, towering far above its brothers,—an acknowledged monarch in this home of giants.

"The captain rode home in a thoughtful mood.

The spring, the surrounding forest and all else were simply thrown aside and forgotten, in thoughts of that unknown one; that vision of beauty and loveliness that had in so short a time captivated his mind and enraptured his heart. That night he felt as if he must return the next day to the spring; such rudeness and impropriety, however, could not be tolerated, but how could he see her? He did not even know her name. He then recollected that he had been invited to attend a ball at Mrs. Brown's a few evenings hence, at which he had been told the beauty and culture of the neighborhood would be assembled. Would the girl at the spring be there? The Captain had been urgently invited to attend the ball and did so. His tall and comely figure, and his faultless military uniform, gave him dash and almost princely bearing. Among the gentlemen in attendance no one presented a more noble and manly bearing than he. The Captain scrutinized the guests as they appeared with great eagerness until one particular guest came in. He was introduced by the hostess and secured her for several dances. He found her name to be Miss Elsie Argo. His hostess said to him that she hoped he would like her, 'as she is certainly one of our prettiest girls, and is the acknowledged intellectual star of the vicinity.' Thrills, throbs and palpitations are tame words

to express the condition of the Captain's heart when he and Miss Argo for the first time, floated around the great ball-room. His heart was full. Full to the brim, and overflowing. He and his friend, Tom Blanchard, called at the spring the following day and spent an hour at the hill-side home. The Captain's heart throbbed with unbounded happiness. His mind was not in condition to recollect that,

" 'Joy comes and goes, hope ebbs and flows like the wave.'

"The next day, Captain Payne was chagrined to learn that the soldiers had been ordered to move at once, and all was hurry and bustle in camp. He sent 'Good-bye' to his friend through Mrs. Brown. They marched from their quarters, and as they left the place two ladies on horse-back, one on a magnificent pacing grey, dashed up to see the soldiers pass; Captain Payne soon recognized the one on the pacing grey as his friend from the spring, and lifted his hat repeatedly and she waved her handkerchief as often in reply. When he had passed, the ladies dashed off and disappeared on the winding way toward the spring.

"The Captain, alas for the weakness of human nature, involuntarily turned as if to go after them, and then turned manfully away and kept step like a soldier. He was ordered to Northern Alabama and was marching toward the

south, but his thoughts were ever turning to the spring; to the house on the hill-side; to the dance; but more particularly to the girl on the pacing grey. He felt that all these things were gone, but they still lingered in his mind. The darkness and quietude of the camp, as he rested on the ground at night, only added to the vividness of his recollections of the Lost River Valley scenes. He said to his friend Tom, 'I suppose this is what it means to buffet the billows and brave the storms and squalls of life.'

"Four months passed and they were pleasantly located in camp in Northern Alabama. Rest and leisure vividly recalled the past. He talked to his friend, Tom, of his girl and how he hoped, in some way, to meet her again. As weeks lagged by, he became still more unhappy. His state of mind will be better understood by the following letter:

" 'My dear Miss Argo:

I can not but wish that our acquaintance was such as to allow me to address you in terms more endearing, but while that is not my privilege, I still beg to say, that time and distance has only strengthened my thoughts and regard for you. May I then tell you so? Will you regard the attentions of one whose heart hears but one song and that the singing of one, then unknown to me, at the spring? The one great hope that sustains me most is that I may in some place meet you when I am not under army orders, and not bound by duty and honor

to remain in camp. May I hope to hear from you, saying that you are not offended by my presuming to write you these faulty but candid words? Sincerely,

HOWARD PAYNE.'

THE REPLY.

"'CAPT. HOWARD PAYNE.

My Dear Sir:

I most thoroughly appreciate your kind letter of the 12th inst. and am honored to know that your sincerity moved you to write. You are entirely excusable in writing me and I am happy to know that one so brave and noble remembers me and entertains kind recollections of me, but Captain Payne, I regret to tell you that I am now so circumstanced that it would be improper to encourage you to write again.

With kindest recollections,

ELSIE ARGO.'

"Upon receipt of this letter, Captain Payne called to his friend, 'Tom, you remember that girl who was introduced to us at the dance at Mrs. Brown's, well, Tom, I have been loving that girl ever since and now I have lost her. She is engaged. I know it. Read that letter. While I know I have lost her, still I am gratified to know that she has a heart to leave a poor fellow in the right way, but I will keep that letter. I know by it that she was all that I ever thought her to be, the dearest, best girl on earth. Once I lived in contemplating glorious moons and gorgeous sunsets in the love of that

dear girl, and now I can see before me but gray mornings and hopeless nights.'

"A few months later, the Captain read the notice of the marriage of Miss Elsie Argo of Tennesee to Judge Manderson of Alabama, and he said to Tom, 'Yes, that is my girl. I knew by her letter that she was engaged. Now she is lost to me and that ends my love exploits for life.' Tom replied, 'No, Captain, you will soon find another just as good.' But the Captain insisted that there was only one girl for him and she was that particular one from the spring.

"The Indian troubles soon ended and Captain Payne settled near Birmingham and purchased a large coal field in the suburbs. Soon after a number of furnaces and factories and other large plants were established near his coal lands. He gave his attention entirely to business and in a few years, was a wealthy man. In the meantime Judge and Mrs. Manderson had settled in a beautiful home in Sunny South Land and entered upon their married life, with all the surroundings that make life enjoyable, but only to have their ideal life destroyed and utterly broken up, bringing upon Mrs. Manderson grief and sorrow sufficient to break a thousand hearts. Scarcely five years had passed when it was announced in the papers that Judge Manderson of Alabama was killed in a railroad wreck in Texas. Captain

Payne attended the funeral of Judge Manderson but sat on the large veranda until Mrs. Manderson passed out to the carriage when he moved near enough to see her face among widow's weeds and widow's tears. He then turned away saying almost audibly, 'She never was so pretty as now.'

"His state of mind during the six months following is unknown except what may be gathered from the following:

" 'MRS. MANDERSON.
Dear Madam:—
I will be in your city on Thursday, and if agreeable, it would afford me pleasure to call upon you. Will you grant me that happiness? I am presuming that you still remember me.
Sincerely.
HOWARD PAYNE.'

"This letter brought the following reply:

" 'CAPT. PAYNE.
My dear Sir:—
Your letter was a surprise, as it was quite unexpected but the surprise was a pleasant one. I do recollect you very well. I will be pleased to see you after three o'clock, Thursday afternoon, as I will be from home until that hour. Very truly,
MRS. MANDERSON.'

"This is all that is known, except that Captain Payne was absent from his home 'on business' very frequently during the months following the above letters, and his friend Tom received a telegram from him requesting that he meet him in

Mobile at a given street number, as he desired to consult him upon an important matter. Tom, always ready to oblige the Captain, was on hand at the time stated, but was surprised to find the place of meeting to be a large and costly furnished private residence and that others were there before him. He was received and informed that the captain would see him soon. Then came the music, followed by the marriage of Captain Payne to Mrs. Manderson. At the proper time, Tom, with much gravity, inquired the nature of the business to be considered, that he was now ready. The Captain said, 'Tom, I wanted to consult you as to my judgment in choosing a wife. I told you there was only one girl in all this world for me, and now Tom, that girl is my wife and I am the happiest man in Alabama.' Tom replied, 'Well, Captain, you want my opinion on this matter. I will say that I always asserted that I would never marry, but, Captain, on the square, if I could find such a wife as you have, I'd get married without hesitation, I like her—I approve your judgment. God bless you and Mrs. Payne.'

"The newly married pair took the train for the Lost River Spring. They arrived in the morning when the trees were budding and spring flowers on every side, and as they approached the spring their hearts throbbed with a new happiness. The laughing waters rushed to meet them—the birds'

songs grew sweeter to greet them. They came like children long absent, returning to the home and hearthstone from which they sprang. The Captain dipped water from near the great white rock and handed it to his wife saying. 'Dear, I imagine the water is sweeter and clearer by this white rock.' They both drank from the cup and then sat down on the rustic seat by the great oak, where he first saw Miss Argo years before. The quiet of the place was unbroken, except by the rustle of the foliage in the tree tops so far above them, the notes of wild birds in the trees and the music of the waters they both loved so well; and there, in the glow of health and love and life and hope, they recalled the past, renewed their sacred pledges and commenced life anew."

CHAPTER III.

The Wolves.

Mr. Benton: "This must have been a wild country in the early times and I suppose you had bears and wolves here then."

Mr. Pontus: "Yes. In that ravine yonder the wolves were plentiful, and they were such fearless night prowlers that we had to act on the offensive to protect our stock from their attacks. My two sturdy dogs were both wolf hunters and wolf fighters. When either of them closed in combat with a large timber wolf, there was no hesitation or parleying, but it was a hand to hand, or rather a teeth to teeth wager of battle; Greek had met Greek in a final struggle for victory or death. In the midst of the fights, as I could not shoot, as opportunity presented I would rush up and kill the wolf with a blow with my hatchet. It was in fact a very small ax with a very sharp blade and pole or hammer. It had a handle about four feet long and I used it when in such close quarters that I could not use the gun. The dogs had great experience and tact. I have often sent them ahead and they would crawl through the brush for a long distance to surprise the wolves and engage them in battle. Just before they would charge, they never failed to look back, to see if I

was coming, and was ready to assist in the struggle. By this look I knew the supreme moment had arrived, and would immediately dash forward. The chances were that my strongest dog, Tige, would have hold about the throat of his antagonist, which hold was there to stay, and I have repeatedly killed the wolf with the hammer of my hatchet by a single blow. Here on the wall is the weapon mentioned. It has been my sole reliance in many a struggle. I have had the blade renewed several times.

"Sometimes I have had a piece of fresh meat trailed on the ground in a long circuit, and then securely tied to a small tree, while I would hide in some secure place, and as soon as the wolves would catch the trail they would immediately follow it, and on finding the meat they would invariably commence fighting over their find, when I would shoot one at least, and have shot two of them before they could get away. I would cure and tan the skins, as I learned to do in my early hunting life with the Indians. Here are wolf skins that I tanned. I always take the greatest care of them. They are all trophies of the chase. In the winter they are a great comfort to me.

"One day while hunting we found a distinct bear track in the snow, which my friend and I followed half a day, when we observed tobacco stain on the snow, and concluded that a bear had

"DEFENDING HIMSELF BY SWINGING HIS GUN TO WARD OFF THE HUNGRY, HOWLING, RAVENOUS DEVILS"

too much sense to chew tobacco, and returned home to learn that one of the neighbors had skinned the feet of a grizzly bear and made a kind of moccasins of the skin, which accounted for the tracks, so that the tracks were genuine, but the animal making them was a fraud. Not a wolf in sheep's clothing, nor an ass in a lion's skin, but a man parading in the shoes of a bear.

"One day when I was in the field near the ravine yonder with Tige at my heels I heard an unusual noise in the hollow beyond and ran there, hatchet in hand, to learn the cause of the commotion. I found my neighbor, Markell, surrounded by a pack of timber wolves and defending himself by swinging his gun in front, to ward off the hungry, howling, snapping, ravenous devils. I had time only to rush to him to save his life. The next moment Markell, myself and the dog were in the center and seven timber wolves in a circle round us. The desperate, snarling creatures made continual efforts to get hold of us. Markell had lost his nerve and was unable to reload his gun, so that the dog, the hatchet and my good right arm constituted the amount and extent of our munitions of war. Again and again I would hit one of the wolves and they would fall back momentarily and then renew the attack. I kept the dog at my feet as a defense, fearing to let him fight one, as the others would take

part and kill him. For half an hour that struggle was continued. For half an hour I stood between that man and death. A hundred times I strained every nerve to lay the leaders low. At length I hit the most venturous one among them and he fell prostrate, and as I did so his mate tore my left arm. The dog took him by the throat. And here a moment's delay would have resulted in certain death to both of us, as the wolves rushed in. I sprang instantly forward and hit the wolf in the back of the head and then finished both of the infuriated beasts, and the others, seeing their leaders had fallen, instantly fled through the underbrush, leaving us in possession of the battle-ground. We bound up my arm, saved the skins of the slain wolves, to be tanned, and for weeks thereafter I bathed my arm in water from the medicine springs (now West Baden). Going below the springs, I lay down and let the sulphur water run over my arm. This water cleansed the wound, reduced the inflammation and eliminated the danger of blood poisoning. I have known Indians in the olden time to come many miles to bathe their injuries in the sulphur water of these springs. My arm recovered, but here are the scars of that wolf's teeth, which scars I will carry to my grave. As I grew older I avoided the risks of such fights with the wolves, but for many years we were

compelled to fight for their extermination, as we were unable to raise stock; they would destroy the young calves, lambs and pigs, and they drove off other game; rabbits, turkeys, quail and other birds were kept away or made very scarce by the continual hunting of the wolves, so we had to fight them to protect our stock and ourselves, and the game we so dearly loved."

CHAPTER IV.

Dave and Tige.

Mr. Pontus: "I cannot take leave of the wolves without a brief mention of my dogs Dave and Tige. I purchased them when young, and they were raised and schooled and trained by me. In their puppy days they learned to go with me, and if any danger threatened they would stand by me and were ready to fight anything that came near. Each of them inspired his mate with courage. They soon grew fearless, and both grew to be terrific combatants. They feared no wolf on earth, and when they had become experienced in hunting them they sought out their enemy with great tact and adroitness. Their courage, strength and experience combined to make them terrific in an encounter. When a pack of timber wolves would charge upon them, they found that there was 'a lion in the way.' Tige would stand by me, looking the embodiment of infuriated vengence until the danger was imminent and impending, when he would charge with such velocity and violence that he rarely failed to get the advantage of the enemy in his first charge. Dave was always with him, assisting in the fight or keeping the other wolves at bay. Either of them would readily die at my

feet in my defense. Neither of them ever showed the white feather one moment in their lives. Then do you wonder that I loved them? Do you wonder that I like to tell of my faithful friends? It was a sad day for me when Tige died, and I had him buried in the woods that he loved so well, while Dave stood by. The next morning I called Dave and he did not come. I looked here and there for him and then I went to Tige's grave, and there was old Dave lying with his head on his paws, at the grave of his friend. I do not know whether he was shedding tears or not, but he did not need to, as I shed tears enough for both him and myself, and I wept there with poor broken-hearted Dave, and oh, such tears, and such sorrow, for poor Tige, who had sprang into the jaws of death an hundred times to save us. Yes, I could weep now for him, and am not ashamed to tell it.

"*Requiescat in pace* my dear and faithful friend.

"But it is said he was *only a dog.*
'Only a dog.' You wonder why
I grieve so much to see him die.
Ah, if you knew
How true a friend he was to me
When friends were few!

"Only a dog—a beast, you sneer
Not worthy of a sigh or tear.
Speak not to me
Such falsehood of my poor, dumb friend
While I have language to defend
His memory.

"Through ups and downs, through thick and thin
My boon companion he has been:
For years and years.
He journeyed with me many miles,
I gave him frowns, I gave him smiles
And now sad tears.

"Ah, go away and let me cry,
For now you know the reason why
I loved him so;
Leave me alone to close his eyes
That looked so watchful and so wise
Trying to know.

"At garden gate or open door
You'll run to welcome me no more
My dear old friend;
You were so good, so kind, so true,
I question now looking down at you
Is this the end?

"Is there for you no 'other side,'
No home beyond death's chilly tide
And heavy fog;
Where meekness and fidelity
Will meet reward although you be
Only a dog.

"Old Tige had love and faith and joy,
As much as any baby boy—
Intelligence—
Could smell, see, hear and suffer pain,
What makes a soul if these in vain.
When I go hence,

"'Tis my belief my dog will be
Among the first to welcome me,
Believing that
I keep his collar and his strap,
We will meet there and no mishap;
So good by, Tige,
Dear, faithful Tige."

CHAPTER V.

Fanny Dilbro.

Mr. Benton: "How did the Indians and white people get along? Did they associate to any extent?"

Mr. Pontus: "During the early times when the Shawnees lived in this section in large numbers, there was a great deal of business intercourse between the Indians and their white neighbors, and this acquaintance resulted in friendly relations and many marriages between them. Scarcely any of the Indian men married white wives, but it was not uncommon for white men to marry Indian girls.

"This resulted in quite a number of half-breeds scattered here and there throughout the territory. A white man by the name of Dilbro married one of the half-breed Indian girls, who was handsome, quite well educated, and a most excellent woman.

"They had three daughters, who were well educated, intelligent, and were everywhere respected, especially for their good sense and charitable work. These ladies were authority on language at the county seat, and when cases were tried, in which the parties or witnesses were Indians, they were repeatedly called into court as interpreters, to translate the Indian language into English, and being in court so frequently they became well

known and honored everywhere. Especially were they loved by the Indians and regarded as their friends.

"The two older girls married the most respected and well-to-do men in the community and were leaders in usefulness as well as in social events.

"The younger sister seemed to have been particularly favored by nature. She had good health, beauty and general accomplishments, and was the acknowledged leader in social functions. When the Shawnees left this country for the West some of the tribe were compelled to remain, on account of sickness and old age, and many of them enjoyed such pleasant surroundings that they were loth to change their present location for one utterly unknown to them. They did not know the nature of their prospective surroundings, in the unknown country whither their people were going. Quite a number of people were related by marriage to the white people and were rather proud than otherwise of their white friends. So that, everything considered, there was quite a remnant of the tribe that remained here even by choice.

"Some years later the Chief of the Shawnees, in the Sciota Valley, in the Indian Territory, came here to look after this remnant of his people and to induce them to join their friends on the reservation.

"He found a home while here at Mr. Dilbro's

house, and as he was young, tall, very richly dressed, and a man of great ability and distinction, he talked English fluently and was a man of fine address, and naturally was interesting to the young lady of the house, Miss Fanny Dilbro. He remained three weeks and visited the Indians here and then left again to join his own people. He corresponded with Miss Dilbro, and some months later returned and took her away as his wife, to be Queen of his tribe. Miss Dilbro announced two weeks before her marriage that she was going to marry the Chief and go away.

"The departure of such a lovely girl under the circumstances created the most profound sensation in the community. Her father was very indulgent, and spared no time or money to make her departure happy and even distinguished. The new bride of the Chief proved to be a blessing to the whole tribe. She assisted in establishing schools everywhere throughout the tribe. She was a friend to the churches and assisted various denominations to open Sunday schools within the Shawnee country. She assisted the Chief in having a paper started as a medium of communication between the scattered families. And the Chief, who was always inclined to adopt measures to elevate and educate his people, found in her not only a wife in his household, but a most competent and valuable adviser in all matters relating to the betterment of

his people. The people here never forgot the Indian bride. They never would admit that she was not of their own kith and kin, but claimed her as their own friend and as an angel on a visit to a people who appreciated her and considered her a blessing to them all. She corresponded with her people here, and they were proud to tell of her doings in the far west. Her father was my friend, and she always called me "Uncle Joe," and I knew her well from childhood. I had a letter from her which I always preserved with the greatest care, and as it will be interesting, I will give it here:

" 'MR. JOSEPH PONTUS.
Dear "Uncle Joe":—

I wish many times that I could spend a whole week telling you how I spend my time and how I find happiness in the performance of my many duties. My associations, in my youth, with intelligent people, the educational advantages that my father afforded me, and my love for the church and Sunday school seemed to be the guiding star and the inspiration of my life here.

I have established many schools, I have often visited those already in existence, going to every one of them at least once a year. My husband is always most kind and good to me. He goes with me to visit our own people and also the neighboring tribes, and he always speaks at the feasts and out-door gatherings. He tells them to raise more corn, wheat and oats. He tells them to feed their horses better, and he praises their fat horses whenever he sees one. He spent much of his own money to improve their stock. He tells them he wants to see big gardens, big

truck patches and big fields of grain, and always tells them that he will come soon again and will expect great improvement. He urges them to depend on themselves to provide for their families, and he wants them to be a strong, sober, industrious and independent people. No chief is more liked by the surrounding tribes than he, nor is any chief *loved more in his own home* than he. When I attend my husband on his visits, I encourage the women, and no word I ever utter falls unheard and no kind act is unappreciated by these humble women.

I speak to them (and, you recollect, I used to sing) and sing to them, and nothing has filled my heart with such happiness as to see how their houses are put in order, and what efforts both teachers and pupils make to have everything pleasant for my visits. I wish you could go one day with me on my school, church and social trips, and your heart would throb with delight to see the amount of happiness that one little woman can give to the most appreciative children on earth—and I do not claim any credit, because it does seem to me that the overruling and universal Father of us all, has lifted me up and placed me at His chosen post of duty and told me what to do from day to day. To illustrate: When I go out among my people all eyes are upon me, and especially those of the young women. They watch how I walk, how I speak, how I dress, how I laugh and how I sing and how I pray; and knowing this, and feeling that one silly act may be copied, and how one improper word may be repeated, it requires no reasoning and consideration to know my duty. It is my great pleasure to be simple in dress, discreet in my words, and correct in my acts. You can never measure the responsibility that rests on me. You can never know the pleasure it gives me to lift my people up to a full realization of the bless-

ings of liberty, education and Christianity. And oh, how unworthy am I, yet, the happiness that their welfare, their improvement, their appreciation and devotion brings to my heart can never be known this side of heaven.

Many ties bind me to the Shawnees. I believe I was sent here to help them. Their love for me and unwavering faith in me, gives me influence and control over them, to make them do right. I speak their language as well as our own, and can make known their wants according to their true merits. I am related to them by blood and have made them my people by adoption. I would not be loyal to my husband if I did not help his people. I would be unworthy of my patriotic father if I did not teach them loyalty to our country. I would not be true to my good mother if I did not be a mother to the sick and helpless about me and help to "wipe sorrows' tears away."'

You must come to visit me, you must come. Good-by—do not forget me. God bless you, dear Uncle Joe. FANNY.'

"I visited the Shawnees in the reservation once, but that was before Miss Dilbro left this country, but now since she is there, and so circumstanced that she will make my visit pleasant, I will go again to visit the tribe. You see, my mother's uncles and other relatives are located there and I will be at home among them.

"The valley of the Sciota River, in which they are located, is rich, and the tribe ought to prosper there and, as I understand, do prosper. At all events, they are good people and ought to succeed, especially as the chief of the tribe is a most excellent man."

CHAPTER VI.

The Pigeons.

Mr. Benton: "Excuse me, but what kind of birds are those coming 'round the hill-top yonder? they seem to be fast flyers."

Mr. Pontus: "Why, those are wild pigeons; they are usually sailing about the hill-tops in great numbers. They like to frequent the forests of tall trees such as you see there. They are very pretty birds, and are fine food. I was accustomed to shoot them and many times have enjoyed pigeon pot-pie, but lately I do not like to kill them. Much shooting drives them off and I would be lonesome if I could not see them. So I entirely quit killing them and have begged my neighbors not to disturb them. We do not see them in the winter; they seek a more congenial climate, but always return here. So with many of my feathery friends, they come and go and I await their return and welcome them by scattering crums and grain about, so they will like to come and like to stay. They are friendly, beautiful and enjoyable associates."

Mr. Benton: "The annual migration of birds and how they know where to go has always been a matter of thought with me; and especially how the homing pigeons know how to return to their

homes, when taken so far away, has caused me much thought and consideration. May I ask what are your ideas on that subject?"

Mr. Pontus: "Of course, that is one of the questions that can not be answered by facts and figures, but I can give you my thoughts on that subject without any trouble or delay.

"Birds and animals have an instinct or knowledge of location, distance and direction, the degree of that knowledge depending upon the nature and habits of the species. Take a dog or a horse many miles from its usual haunts and it will find its way home, because the outdoor life, experience and habits of the horse and the dog are such as to inform them in regard to direction and distance. This is true to a very limited degree in the lower order of animals. If you take a frog two miles from its native pond it can never find its way back, because its life and experience is so circumstanced, so hemmed in, that knowledge of direction and distance is not essential to its manner of life, but the animals and fowls of higher intelligence, and especially those whose mode of life requires them to travel about, have an extensive knowledge of location and direction when compared with that of the lower order of animals.

> " 'How instinct varies in the grov'lling swine,
> Compared, half-reasoning elephant, with thine,
> 'Twixt that and reason, what a nice barrier,
> Forever separate, yet forever near.'

"Birds generally quit their summer homes as soon as the storms of fall threaten, and spend their winters in a warmer climate, southward. Wild geese love the northern lakes and marshes, in the summer time, and rear their young there, but when approaching winter makes their homes uncomfortable, and food scarce, they form themselves into a football 'V' and immediately start southward to their winter resorts.

"How do the birds know which way to go? How does the wild goose on the shores of Northern Superior know the way to the more sunny shores? They must naturally have that knowledge. Some say they know because their ancestors have gone that way each year, and the head center of the 'V' is a gander selected as the leader, because he has been over that long route several times, but how did his ancestors first know of the warmer resorts, and how do birds generally know the exact locality of a climate to their liking? It seems clear that nature furnishes them with knowledge sufficient to guide them in these things, and it seems that the higher orders of the fowl kingdom and the higher orders of the animal kingdom are particularly gifted with such knowledge. The wren and the woodpecker, both birds of short flight, would likely know little of direction and distance, but the long flyers—the crane, the heron, the wild goose, the eagle—know

intuitively, or by experience, of distance, location and direction.

"It is reasonable that birds accustomed to long flights, who are great travelers, should know where and how to go and how to return home again.

"If you capture an American eagle on the Rocky Mountains and liberate him on the Allegheny Mountains, I have no doubt that the magnificent scenery of the Alleghenies and royal beauty of their wild ravines, fringed and interlaced with ferns, would be a great disappointment to him; that he would soar away above it all, circle around a few times to get his bearings, and then strike for the fastnesses of his native Rockies, where jagged rocks 'the rattling crags among,' with their snow-capped turrets would afford his soul its wanted rest.

"Thus with the carrier pigeon. Its species has always been selected as a carrier, because of its remarkable intelligence and its love of home. Its species has always had an opportunity for training and education in distance and direction. It is a long flyer, like the eagle and the wild goose, and surveys a long distance route as easily as the woodpecker or the wren would survey the space of a few thousand feet.

"The ancestors of the pigeon were gifted by nature with this power. This gift has been en-

larged and improved by experience and training, and has been transmitted to their progeny. These favorable conditions, encouraged and strengthened by early and continued training, necessarily makes the pigeons with brief experience acquainted with the topography of a state, as a horse or a dog is acquainted with the township in which he lives. Such pupils and such training affords the fine 'homing pigeons' of to-day.

"It is a fact that the pigeon family has always been especially endowed with the faculty of knowing where to go to a greater degree than ordinary birds. Why did not Noah send a yellow-hammer out of the ark to report the condition of the waters? He knew better. A dove was selected, because it was able to make a long flight, and it knew its way home again. In Turkey, where these birds are much used, and are most reliable, they are carefully trained. They take a bird nine months old the distance of one-half mile, then gradually increase the distance and the tests until it learns the general lay of the land and water. It is then a reliable messenger.

"It is said that a carrier pigeon was taken to a great height in a balloon and turned loose. It rose much higher and circled about, but returned to the balloon, finding nothing familiar to give it its bearings, indicating that some hint of the direction was indispensible to it in determining the way.

"When a carrier pigeon is liberated is goes up to a great height and circles around, takes the direction and goes home. It goes up and circles about until something indicates which way to go, so it has to make up its mind. If not, why does it not start at once? Why does it go high? Why does it circle about?

"Intelligent birds may know much more as to the points of the compass than we are likely to suppose. They know the rising and setting of the sun better than man. They greet the rising of the morning with their cheery songs, and when they see the sun, like Phœbus Appollo, sinking into the sea surrounded with glory, they go to rest to await the return of the morning. The carrier pigeon may know the rising and setting of the sun better than many human beings. For example, if a pigeon, reared in New York, were liberated in Chicago in the early morning he would look to the rising sun and go; and if liberated in the evening it would glance at the setting sun and turn at once east, because it knows that the sun arose out of the great sea, and that its home is near that sea. When it has flown all night, and has overtopped the Allegheny mountains, and beheld the gray light of the morning break in the east, it knows that light comes over the sea, sees the slope of the whole country toward the ocean, and his breast heaves with recog-

nition of his home-land, and new hope and renewed strength bears up its tired wings.

"The best 'homing' pigeons are the mothers who are taken away from their young, and who can say but that their mother love is so intense that it retains, in spite of distance and darkness, some memory of the direction back to its home and dear ones.

"It may be that trees, rivers and other things speak in nature's language to birds. For instance: A farmer on the prairies of Illinois can give the points of a compass immediately by looking at the branches of a tree as certainly as by looking at the sun, as he knows the continual winds incline the branches to the northeast, and such things may serve as indices to intelligent birds. Considering these things, the conclusion is reasonable that the pigeon, like other birds of long flight, is gifted with a natural power to a marked degree to determine direction and location; that it has a keen, far extended eyesight; that these natural powers aided by training and experience, detects familiar objects very far away; that the general contour of the country passes in panoramic views before its extended vision.

"The sun, the mountains, the lakes, the fogs of the valley, the slope of the country, or some combination of some of these are guide-posts to the carrier pigeon in its homeward flight."

CHAPTER VII.

The Indian Religion.

Mr. Benton: "If not disagreeable to you we would like to know about the religion of the Indians, and, generally, what you think of religious denominations and their creeds and doctrine."

Mr. Pontus: "I tell you candidly that I do not like so many different denominations and creeds. I do not regard it necessary to have so many sects and so much difference on trivial points. That there are so many sects shows them to be the work of man. There ought to be one great Christian church agreeing on the acknowledged essential belief of Christian faith, leaving all other matters to be non-essential and matters of personal preference and opinion.

"The various denominations should not find fault with each other. I know a very zealous Baptist woman who says no one can ever get to heaven, unless they are immersed and put entirely under the water. She seems to believe that so much water will wash away sin. I believe in a form of baptism, but think that a few drops of water as good as a tank full, as water of itself does not eradicate sin. Tears of penitence form the only kind of water that will wash away the sin-

fulness of a wicked heart. A man who lived over there has been cruel to his wife and children for twenty years and is altogether mean. You would not wash away that man's sins by dragging him up the Mississippi from New Orleans to St. Paul.

"I do not find fault with any church and am thankful for what I receive, be it much or little. I am like the preacher who sent his hat all over the church for a collection and waited to give thanks for the money; when the hat came back there was nothing in it, and the preacher promptly returned thanks for getting his hat back again.

"Nor do I know if it is best to mislead the minds of children into believing in Santa Claus, as the effect on their minds when they ascertain how they have been deceived for years may not be that of a simple joke, but may have the effect of destroying confidence in the word of their parents. For example, when Johnny was nine years old he said to his father and mother that they had made him believe that Santa Claus really existed, and had him writing to him for years, and now he learned that the whole story was false, and that now he supposed the story of Jesus was all false too, and that he would have to look that up now. That is, he lost confidence in their word. This reminds me of the old story shown in the following conversation:

"Pat: 'Yes I believe the Bible and everything in it.'

"John: 'Do you believe that Jesus walked on the water?'

"Pat: 'Is that in the Bible?'

"John: 'Yes.'

"Pat: 'Then I believe it.'

"John: 'Do you believe that the whale swallowed Jonah and he lived three days inside the whale?'

"Pat: 'Is that in the Bible?'

"John: 'Yes, it is, sure.'

"Pat: 'Then I believe that, too.'

"John: 'Do you believe that Samson caught three hundred foxes and tied their tails together and set them afire and let them go?'

"Pat: 'Is that in the Bible?'

"John: 'Yes, sure it is.'

"Pat: 'Then I do not believe it; I have caught foxes and I know Samson or nobody else can catch three hundred of them and I don't believe that at all, and I will go back on that whale story, too, and I'll not believe anything in the Bible at all.'

"But more seriously, *as to what I believe.*

"Perhaps my environments were unfavorable to the formation of correct views of theology and religion, as my early ideas on that question were confined to what my mother instilled into

my mind, which ideas have always been held sacred by me, because I know what she taught was from the sincerity of her heart. Since that time my reading and the information I have gained by associating with my white brethren has caused me to change my mind, so far as to believe in the God of the white people and to believe in heaven, and a life of eternal unhappiness for the dishonest, the hypocrite and the criminal. The Indians always believed in a future existence as well as the white people. Yet I do not believe that heaven is a place of golden streets and pearly gates, but regard that as an erroneous and harmful view to convey to the young and to all people, because gold is nothing that gives pleasure except to the miser, the mean, the stingy, all of which is illiberal, selfish, miserly and opposed to all my ideas of a broad, sensible Christianity.

"Suppose the walls, the floors and furniture of your houses were pure gold and you walked upon it and sat upon it and handled it every day and saw it every time you opened your eyes, how long would you be happy with your golden home? How long would you want to stay in that home to look at the cold, smooth, glistening gold? You could not sleep on it, you could not eat it when hungry. You would grow weary of its appearance, and would leave your own home

to get away from the sham and show, which could afford you neither use nor pleasure.

"Human beings are not calculated and organized for monotony in anything. The human mind must have variety. You have heard that true old saying that 'variety is the spice of life.' It is not only the spice of life, but variety is a necessity for healthy, physical and mental life. Shut a man in his young life in a place where he could see but one thing, and his physical life will soon be a wreck. Compel the individual to study and consider but one thing, and he will soon be narrow and contracted in his views and wholly unable to consider anything in a broad, liberal, fair, Christian view of the subject.

"I knew a man, by name of Watson, who was an educated gentleman, an honor to his family, an ornament to the neighborhood and added interest to every public gathering. He undertook the study of spiritualism and confined his reading and thinking to that subject.

"He gradually became silent. His nature seemed to gradually change and he withdrew from the society and the associations of men, and eventually lost his reason. He thought only of spiritualism and that robbed him of his reason, his usefulness, his life. Not that thinking of spiritualism necessarily played havoc with his reason, but the continual confinement of the mind to that one

subject, ignoring all others, denying the mind the diversion, relief and relaxation it naturally would have enjoyed by considering other subjects, and denying and preventing the rest and strength which are a necessity to our healthy mental nature, brought wreck and ruin to his reason.

"The preachers of Christian denominations warn their hearers against the love of gold. They say that the love of gold is the very root of evil. You must use the gold for the extension of the gospel, to all of which I fully agree. But they then tell you that you should seek a home in Heaven, and as an inducement to do so, they tell you that there are golden streets there, that Heaven has pearly gates, and that the walls are of precious stones, and you should strive to reach there and live in this happy place. I have heard this golden street argument more than any other. If the love of gold is pernicious why hold it up before the people to allure them? The idea is all wrong. There is nothing heavenly in golden streets. Who wants to walk on a street of gold? The majority of church members in this vicinity would be outrageously unhappy if they had to walk on gold all day and could not dig it up. Compel them to walk everywhere on gold and they would have, not a fashionable convulsion, but a genuine, old fashioned fit.

"When the prodigal son, with repentant heart,

returned, he did not stop to look for mahogany furniture trimmed with gold, and ask to see the jewelry of the family. No, no, he wrapped his arms around his old father's neck and wanted nothing on earth but to be welcomed home. So when we arrive in the heaven beyond the dark waters of the valley, we will look, not to see the brilliancy of the place, but if we can see the dear ones who have gone before us, if we can see the approving face of Jesus, our Savior, and hear the song of the redeemed of 'Welcome Home,' it will be enough—it will be enough.

"The Happy Hunting Grounds of the Indian, with hills, vales, trees, rivers, grassy nooks, shady coves and sylvan bowers is the more correct idea, where there is sun, shade and scenery in infinite variety. Oh, but they say the angels will sing in heaven on the golden rostrum. I would rather hear them sing among the hills and vales, in shady nooks with crystal waters gurling eternal music, that comforts the heart of the whole human family.

"The Great Spirit, the Indian understands, made nature in its life and beauty for man to enjoy, and which will impart life and health to the physical nature, and by which the mental part of man would be strengthened and enlightened and rendered capable of imparting pleasure and happiness to others. Longfellow's idea of heaven

comes nearer my own than the golden streets-pearly gates idea.

" 'What is that Nokomis?' And the good Nokomis answered:

> " 'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there;
> All the wild flowers of the forest,
> All the lillies of the prairie,
> When on earth they fade and perish,
> Blossom in that heaven above us.'

"Even 'acres of roses and miles of palms' might not prove to be distasteful.

"We are so constituted that society is a necessity. Humanity must associate with humanity, otherwise our cheerful, useful, intellectual influence to others would all be lost forever.

"The minds of human beings are varied; one strong, another weak, one inclined to one department of industry, while his brother will follow another. One mind is naturally constituted to build houses, another to manufacture tools, another to preach, another to music and song and another to study the stars of heaven, while still another will study the winds and the waves, and thereby foretell the weather for days to come. This variety of mind and the benefit and pleasure of hearing of others and gathering their thoughts from books, lectures and other sources is what makes the mind grow in strength, practicability and usefulness. This is what gives mental power and mental scope to the mind of mortals, result-

ing in the blessing of all mankind, so that mental association is essential to a healthful, mental existence and essential to the happiness of man, whether he is one plane of existence or another, as I understand, the philosophy of individual existence. I understand that heaven will be a place where the mind of mortals redeemed and re-embodied will intellectually enjoy themselves, where advancement in happiness and existence in the very presence of God, the angels and the just and good will grow in interest and joy forever more.

"So now what is there that proves to you and me that the happiness of the good and just in the lands on 'the other side' shall not be augmented by mingling together in songs of praise and walks through the 'parks' of heaven. The songs of angels may enhance the glories of the place. The stars may sing together in the morning of eternal glory, and the spirits of the just made perfect shall bless all other spirits that in the providence of God shall enter that holy place.

"Another thing: the mind of men and women is full of emotion, is full of love, is full of tender attachment. Like the love of mother for her child, the love of children for their parents and this great love that God in his providence has planted in the breast of human beings can never die.

"Who can measure the depth and purity of a mother's love? Although she has forsaken everything that is pure and good and has lived in depravity and wickedness, still she will cling, to the very death even, to the child of her shame. It is said that the lily grows purer and more perfect in the blackest mud. But when a mother has forsaken all that makes a woman pure and good, and drags her person, her life and character into the sinks of iniquity, tell me what power it is that still preserves the mother love in her heart so that it lives and grows in strength and seeming purity in the very midst of extreme depravity. Why was it not tainted, drowned and blotted out by the burden of sin and shame that crushed her life, her heart, her very soul in despair and wretchedness? God created it; he planted it in the mother's heart, there to remain forever. The mother's heart is the safety vault box and God holds the key. A kindred love lives in the hearts of children even when death has claimed their mother and her body has passed into dust. It lives and grows between loved ones even when they are separated by distance and years, and is even rendered stronger and more enduring by the separation. I think that one of the greatest sources of happiness that will fill the heaven above will be the recognition and enjoyment of those we love, and love will be purified,

happiness will be rendered more sweet and all this will add to the purity of the devotion, and will augment the praises given to the Universal Father of us all.

"I can hardly believe that an Eternal *City* is an ideal Heaven. Man made the City. I rather think that a glorious Eternal *Country*, the better idea of Heaven. The Indians say 'The country of souls.' God made the hills, the mountains, the grass, the valleys, the trees and the flowers; and He planted in the breast of all mankind an undying love for all these things. These natural attractions were created for the enjoyment and happiness of human beings, and these are the things which contribute most naturally and most easily to satisfy the yearnings of men and women. Go to the great parks about the great cities, on Sunday afternoon, and see what the great crowds of people love. Men, women and children of all ages come in their best clothes, with their best friends to enjoy the air, the hills, the lakes, the water, the trees, the birds, the grass and the flowers; and all this happiness, and all this satisfaction is because our Creator, in His infinite wisdom, planted a love for all these things down deep in the hearts of all His people; and this is true of all the nations, tribes and peoples, who bask in the sunshine of Heaven. Wise men provided these parks, moved by the knowledge that

the sight of these things furnishes unbounded pleasure to a busy, struggling, hard-working race, and especially to honest men who, as God intended, earn their bread by the sweat of their faces. Why do not park commissioners erect large buildings and trim them with gold and invite the public to come in and be happy. They know better than that. We all know better.

"A beautiful park is an oasis in the desert of city humdrum life. It is utilized for this purpose because it is universally known that beautiful, natural scenery has the effect of resting the tired brain, the tired back and the tired hands. The power of affording this rest and this relief grows directly out of the fact that the universal love of these things is deeply planted in the breast of the entire human family.

"There is an attractiveness in natural scenery that satisfies, rests and soothes the mind like the cadence of a much loved song. The hand that planted the stars in the sky and taught them to sing together in the morning, keeps nature's musical instruments in tune. The hurricane is ever ready to terrify us with its force, and roar and power; the gentler breezes ready to sing through the trees and bear to us the fragrance from the flowers; the waters of the restless sea, ready to lash the shore and fume and fret and die away; the waters of the cataract ready to rush, plunge

and roar over the precipice; the merry brooks ready to ripple and murmur as they gambol over their rocky bed, and the song birds ready to greet the rising of the morning with voices that are cheery and always in tune. Nature's 'harp of a thousand strings' is always in order, rendering music always harmonious—always concordant—a welcome benediction to nature's children, whether civilized human beings, savages in the wilderness or wild beasts in the jungle. Is it not, then, a reasonable conclusion that all these natural attractions will form at least a great and very important part of the sources of happiness in the 'Island of the Blessed' in the 'Land of the Hereafter'.

> " 'In the desert a fountain is springing,
> In the wild waste there still is a tree.
> And a bird in the solitude singing,
> Which speaks to my spirit of Thee.'

"One of the most delightful and satisfying elements of Eternal Happiness, one cherished by all Christian nations on earth, is that after crossing the Dark Valley we will be welcomed to a Home beyond the sea. Human beings, as well as the lower animals, are all created with the love of home deeply implanted in their very existence. Take the dog or the horse miles from home and as soon as released he will, in heat or rain or storm, turn his footsteps homeward. The homing pigeon, when

released far from home, will cross mountains, lakes and strange lands, with the flight of an arrow to gain a sight of its cherished home. The school boy or school girl, when away from home sometimes die of home-sickness. The patriot travelling in foreign lands hurries homeward with throbbing heart to his own people and his own country. It is universally acknowledged that the best citizens of any country, the best soldiers of any army, are those who have the love of home implanted in their hearts.

"This love of home establishes families and protects and supports those families in the enjoyment of health, happiness and usefulness. To protect his home and those around the hearthstone, the soldier will rush to the field of battle, and give up his life in defense of that home and those dear to him there.

> "'Cling to thy home! If there the meanest shed
> Yield thee a hearth and shelter for thy head,
> And some poor plot with vegetables stored,
> Be all that Heaven allots thee for thy board,
> Unsavory bread and herbs that scattered grow
> Wild on the river-brink or mountain brow;
> Yet e'en this cheerless mansion shall provide
> Where hearts repose than all the world besides.'

"Songs lauding the benefits and blessings of home are the dearest to the hearts of all civilized peoples. Father's protecting care is always there for his children. Mother's love never grows cold around the fireside where her children played,

and the sister's loving heart sends a constant prayer to her wandering brother to come home—brother come home.

"When Sir Walter Scott wrote the lines commencing, 'Breathes there a man with soul so dead,' etc., he sent a thrill through the hearts of all civilized nations. They sanctioned it—adopted the sentiment and made it their own. Those lines now are the property of the world—so to remain forever.

"What becomes of the love of home when life goes out? Will it survive the gloom of the grave? Will it be resurrected with the immortal existence beyond the River? Will not this element of human happiness, planted by our Creator in the heart of the whole animal world enter into our existence, in that heavenly Home, established by our Creator himself, and of which our earthly homes, with all their benefits and sacredness, are but an imperfect shadow? No more pure or sacred emotion lives in the human heart than love for mother, home and Heaven, and that love will be the most irresistible emotion experienced by ransomed souls in that Home beyond the sea, where loving hands will remove all trembling tears from our faces and the song of 'Welcome Home' will be a thrilling realization which will vanish never more.

"The general belief of the Indians is that

after death their souls have a long distance to travel and that many perils may hinder and delay the journey; that death opens the door to Heaven; that death should not be viewed with fear, but with complacency; that they must all be brave; that cowards never enter Heaven; that the Great Manito (the Great Merciful Spirit) presides in Heaven; that he is a God of mercy and not a God of punishment; that his voice is that of a father welcoming home his wandering children, and that he will relieve them of all suffering and pain; that the brave and the good always make a safe journey to the land of the blessed; where the trees are always green; the sky is never clouded; where cooling breezes blow forever; where there is no pain, but rejoicing in eternal youth, and that there is an everlasting future existence in the islands of the blessed—the happy country of souls.

"Great Manito is the Great Merciful Spirit. In apposition to the Merciful Spirit they believe in the Mache-Manito or bad spirit, and it is usual for Indians to try to appease the bad spirit to save them from being visited by evil.

"Here is an Indian prayer from an old book on the Indians. This prayer indicates what their religion is, in a definite way. I regard it as correct and truthful:

"'Great Spirit, Master of our lives; Great Spirit, Master of all things, both visible and invisible; Great Spirit, Master of other spirits, whether good or evil, command the good spirits to favor thy children, the Outaouas. Command the evil spirits to keep at a distance from them. O, Great Spirit! keep up the strength and courage of our warriors, that they may be able to stem the fury of our enemies; preserve the old persons whose bodies are not yet quite wasted, that they may give counsel to the young. Preserve our children, enlarge their number, deliver them from evil spirits, to the end that in our old age they may prove our support and comfort; preserve our harvest and our beasts, if thou mean'st that they should not die from hunger; take care of our villiages, and guard our huntsmen in their hunting adventures. Deliver us from all fatal surprises, when thou ceasest to vouchsafe us the light of the sun, which speaks thy grandeur and power. Acquaint us by the spirit of dreams, with what thy pleasure requires of us, or prohibits us to do. When it pleases thee to put a period to our lives, send us to the great Country of Souls, where we may meet with those of our fathers, our mothers, and our wives, our children and our relations. O, Great Spirit! Great Spirit! hear the voice of the nation, give ear to thy children, and remember them at all times.'

"So, when I go hence, I do not intend to be looking about to see if the gates are of pearl and the streets of gold. I do not expect to stop to gaze about for the precious stone that ornament the pillars and jewel the doors. No, no, that is earthly, that is selfish, that is serving the God of Mammon. When I get there I want to see the tender, forgiving face of Jesus Christ, my Savior. I want

to see the tender, loving face of my dear young mother. Without her, it will be no heaven for me. I know her arms are outstretched to welcome me, her heart is bursting with emotion for her unworthy child. And whatever may be right and wrong as to these things, I believe, yes, I know that I shall meet my friends in Heaven and I wait that meeting with unwavering confidence.

"'Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea,
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

'Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

'What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

'The waters know their own, and draw
The brooks that spring in yonder heights,
So flows the good with equal law,
Unto the soul of pure delight.

'The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea,
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high
Can keep my own away from me.'

"The influences of Christianity, imperceptably to myself, gradually and surely filled and controlled my mind and heart and gave me great happiness.

"'As on the river's rising tide
Comes strength and coolness from the sea.'

"So this knowledge and belief in the ruler of heaven and earth came as a benediction to my soul.

"And here I must say that while I believe in the God of the white man, I believe the Bible and its teachings, and I know that it says, 'Thou shall have no other gods before me,' still I can not forget the teachings of my mother. She taught me to love the Great Spirit of the Indian, she taught my stubborn little hands to fold in prayer to her God, and when I think of her and when I hope to meet her in Heaven, I even yet fold my hands as she taught me. I pray to the Great Spirit that she loved and in whom she trusted and it has always seemed to me, and it still holds me with a conviction as strong as death, that if I fail to reverence her God and fail to hope to meet her through the mercy of the Great Spirit, that I would be unfaithful to the mother who loved me so, and may thereby forfeit my right to meet her in the 'happy hunting grounds' where flowers and the songs of angels will welcome me to her loving arms.

"I pray to the God of Heaven in whom I believe, but still I can not forsake the Great Spirit to whom I prayed in my childhood. I know my mother will gain entrance to Heaven through the mercy of her own God.

"I live looking forward to a happy entrance to the great Heaven beyond the Dark Valley and expect my own to welcome me there.

" 'To the island of the blessed
To the land of the hereafter.' "

CHAPTER VIII.

The Garners.

Mr. Benton: "How about the people in the olden times? Tell us some of the old stories of the early times."

Mr. Pontus: "Very well, I will tell you about a family by the name of Garner, that may interest you.

"Some years ago there lived on the east side of Lost River, some miles north of West Baden Springs, a man and wife by the name of Garner. They were about thirty years of age and had one child, Tim. The husband was a plain, honest man, who worked his farm and did not suspect any one of duplicity or dishonesty. His wife was tall and well proportioned, and was considered handsome by the neighbors. While the husband was very busy on the farm, the wife did the buying, and often was off to the stores. They had a girl to assist with the house affairs, and look after little Tim while the mother was away. The girl, Edna, was about eighteen years of age, very quiet, pretty and cheerful and always in robust health. Edna was always there while the husband and wife were away frequently from the house, and little Tim learned to love Edna and liked to stay with her. If the wife was belated sometimes in getting home, Edna had dinner ready and the boy

was happy, and so things passed on pleasantly for a year or so, when (as folks will talk) some stories were circulated regarding the conduct of Mrs. Garner. These damaging items of gossip came to the ears of her husband who expostulated strenuously with his wife, and insisted very firmly that she should be more discreet in her ways. The wife was quite unmoved by all this, simply saying if people knew more they would talk less, and she continued about her household matters, apparently quite unconcerned. Some weeks later, when the husband was at his work, she packed her clothing and personal belongings, and told Edna that she must visit her sister and might not return for some time; to take good care of Tim and keep everything nicely for Mr. Garner until her return. She left a letter for Mr. Garner as follows:

"'My Dear: I am going away never to return. Do not worry, as that will be useless and foolish. I will take care of myself and will not write you. Rely implicitly on every word I say. Good-bye forever. BERTHA.'

"When Mr. Garner heard Edna's story about the wife going away to her sister and taking her things, he was perplexed beyond measure, but when he opened the letter handed to him he was stunned as if by a blow. He could not eat or sleep, and tears rained over his cheeks for days and nights together. He felt his disgrace in the neighborhood most keenly. He did not know where to

find her. His heart was broken by being thus deserted and forsaken. He often talked with Edna of the deep ingratitude and heartlessness of his wife. In fact, he had no one else to talk with. Edna agreed with him in his opinion and often spoke of the wickedness of the mother in deserting little Tim. His work needed his attention and he found he was happier when busy, and so worked hard every day in order to keep in mind something other than his unfaithful wife. Edna took good care of the house and boy. Frequently Mr. Garner would say, 'Edna, you are my only friend; what would Tim and I have done without you?'

"A whole year passed and no word from the run-away, until one day neighbor Betts called with a newspaper, saying that Mrs. Garner had obtained a divorce from her husband, out west, on the ground of his desertion, and had married Mr. Charles Fry, and they moved to Texas. 'What,' says Mr. Garner, '*me desert her?* What's that?' Mr. Betts says, 'Ah, my man, do not be surprised, a fellow never knows what he is doing till somebody else tells him, and besides, who knows you better than that wife of your'n? She said you deserted her, and the court found it was true, so it is so whether it is so or not. No, go and eat your dinner and don't let your mind wander about after a wild goose any more. She's deserted, divorced, married and gone to Texas, and that is enough for any one man

to know, especially when it all comes at once, and with a fierce thug.' Mr. Garner did not know what to say, so said nothing more.

"Several months passed and still the unwifely conduct of Tim's mother was the subject of many conversations between Mr. Garner and Edna, and Mr. Garner would continually repeat, '*How could she desert her child?*' One evening after he had repeated that question several times, Edna says, 'What bothers me is, *how could she desert her husband*, especially so, when he was so good and kind in every way as you always are. You certainly were deserving of a good wife and a good mother for Tim. His mother has disgraced him.' Mr. Garner broke off the conversation and walked to and fro on the long porch in silence for one hour, and Edna busied herself putting Tim to bed and getting everything in order for the night.

"The day was warm but the evening was cool and refreshing. Three great pines grew in front of the house and so wide-spreading and dense were their branches that the long front porch seemed hemmed in like a room under the protection of the foliage. In the tangled nooks of this foliage the birds from the thickets that carpet the banks of Lost River, and the winds from the hills beyond West Baden and French Lick had much to say, which sayings, although in the midst of whispering pines, were sometimes boisterous, now reminding

one of a tornado and again of a picnic of an aerial choir. Mr. Garner came, as Edna was seated on this porch, and said, 'Edna, in all my trouble you have been my only comfort. You have always been faithful, kind and good, and I now find that you are necessary to my happiness; you are worthy of my confidence and of all the devotion that I am able to bestow upon you. If a thousand women were here no one of them would ever have the place in my heart that belongs to you. Yes, Edna, I love you, and ask you to be a wife to me and a mother to my child.' Edna rose and said, 'Mr. Garner, I thank you for all you have said, but I can not answer now. I will think about it, and will see you to-morrow evening, and now, good-night.' It is not definitely known, but some one said she kissed him good-night, but the evidence is entirely circumstantial.

"The next evening when little Tim was snugly tucked in bed and his mind was wandering among the grass-carpeted nooks of dreamland, Mr. Garner was sitting in his big chair on the porch with 'a sort of' expectant look in his eyes. Edna approached him slowly, with the demurest look (on which she seemed to have a copyright) on her interesting face. He said, 'Come on, my girl. You seemed so sober all day that I am worried. Now come and tell me that you will be my wife, and make this the happiest evening of my life.' He drew

her to him and she sat on the great arm of his chair. She said, 'Mr. Garner, you say I have been very sober all day. That is true, because I can not give you my answer until I first remove a great weight from my mind and a great burden from my heart. Now let me tell you. You recollect when I first came here a man brought me in a carriage and said that I had lived in his family for six months, and that I was a good girl. That they were breaking up housekeeping, otherwise they would not let me go. Then he talked to your wife on this porch and then drove away, and I have never set eyes on him since, nor do I ever desire to do so. You please forgive me for not telling you before this, but that man was my divorced husband. I lived with him just six months when I was divorced from him because he was so very cruel to me. He said he knew he was to blame and did not come to court. After that he tried to find a home for me so I could take care of myself. When he met your wife at the time he came with me, he told her where he was employed in a store and he and she became acquainted and saw each other often, and when Mrs. Garner was absent so often she was with him. When my sister came to see me she told me all this, and many, many nights I cried myself to sleep because I could not venture to tell you what was going

on, and he is the man that Mrs. Garner has now married, and they are living together now. I learned all this and could not tell you, and knowing this, it seemed like guilty knowledge to me and rested like a continual shadow on my very soul, and made me, oh, *so unhappy*. Now you know my story. I am not a young girl, as you think, but was a married woman before I came here. Now you understand, and a great load is removed from my mind. My heart is freed of its burden. My soul is relieved of its impending shadow. And now if you, knowing this, can still love me, if you can trust me in sacred confidence, and if you still ask me to marry you, then you have my answer. You have my trust and confidence; you can have all the love of my troubled heart, and never for one moment in all your life will you doubt my faithfulness and my love.' She attempted to rise, when he took her in his arms and said, 'Edna, your heart was pure and good, otherwise the burden would not have been so great. If it were possible, my love for you is stronger now than before. Come, and we will be happy together. I pledge you my undying love and faithfulness.' 'And I,' said Edna, 'pledge my most sacred love to you, and to dear, little, sleeping, loving, darling Tim.'

"A few days later they drove to the old justice of the peace, who soon discharged his part of the transaction and pronounced them man and wife, the venerable justice adding that it was frequently a part of the ceremony that the justice should kiss the bride, but in cases like this, where the bride has peach-blow cheeks, that such a practice was not only usual but indispensible—in fact, a *sine qua non*. Whereupon he proceeded to perform the *remainder of the ceremony*. The congratulations of the friends, and especially those of neighbor Betts, were hearty beyond description, and Mr. Garner was so happy and elated over the denouement that he related the whole story of family happenings to the justice. His Honor remarked that he had frequently heard of swapping *horses and knives*, but this was the first case of swapping *husbands and wives* that had ever come within his jurisdiction" [exeunt].

CHAPTER IX.

Carrie Lee.

Mr. Pontus: "Now, I will tell one of Carrie Lee.

"It had rained incessantly for two weeks in Lost River Valley. The gulleys and washouts on the hillsides about West Baden were full of angry waters. The ravines on the mountain side beyond French Lick were filled with double, yes triple, quota of maddened waters, striving to reach the broad valley below.

"Each stream seemed fuller than the others and they all joined their accumulation of waters in one grand round-up in the valley and about the noted springs, even submerging the springs beneath the unusual flood of waters.

"Below this, and at a point in the valley where the hills came nearest each other, was a wooden bridge reaching from bank to bank over Lost River, which bridge was carried away and its timbers scattered over the wide valley of waters, without apology or explanation.

"The commissioners of the County of Orange concluded to establish a ferry there, in order to afford a means of crossing the river until the bridge could be rebuilt and ready for use. A mechanic in the neighborhood, Mr. Ben. Gilsey, was engaged to put a ferry in operation at the

point designated. The material was hauled to the place, the ferry boat was ready, but they had no smaller boat to carry the ferry cable across the rushing water.

"For a whole day they planned and made proposals as to the manner of getting the cable across, but no feasable plan was agreed to. In the meantime Mr. Gilsey took his meals at the house of Mr. Lee, a short way from the bridge site. Mr. Lee's daughter, Carrie, heard of the difficulty and delay. She had been reared on the bank of the White River and was an expert swimmer. To the surprise of all parties, Miss Carrie, who was seventeen years of age, and as tall and straight as girls ever grow, said if they would furnish a twine cord, she would swim across and carry it, and then they could attach a rope and then with the rope draw the cable across.

"A general cheer went up from all hands and they agreed to furnish the twine if she would go, but they feared to let her make the attempt as the water was so wide and the current so swift that they feared for her safety. Her father said that she would swim over all right, and so it was agreed that she might make the trial, but fears were expressed as to her ability to cross the current, which was rapid and tortuous.

"Carrie Lee soon appeared in a bathing suit of

her own make, and the twine ball was given her. She tied it around her waist, told Mr. Gilsey to stand on a clear knob on the bank and to pay out the twine as needed, and to keep it clear of all drift wood. She then walked quite a distance up the stream in order to avoid being carried too far down by the current, and leaped into the water and headed for the other side. All spectators on both sides watched her head as she passed into the swift current and on until she was again in the quieter water, and until she climbed up the opposite bank, when she held the twine aloft and a general shout rang across the valley. She turned the string over to the men, who soon had a rope stretched across the river and were arranging to pull the cable across.

"At this juncture, Carrie walked away and was soon in the water again, and while Mr. Gilsey and the men were preparing to start the cable into the water, Miss Carrie came quietly into the shore again, having swam across the second time.

"Business was suspended; Mr. Gilsey and another took Carrie by the arms and escorted her to her house, a few rods away, amid the uproarous shouts of all men present.

> " 'For twice that day from shore to shore,
> The brave sweet girl swam quickly o'er.'

"She was a general favorite, and all had words of commendation, and all seemed to admit he was

helpless to do the lady justice for her bravery and skill in crossing the river under the circumstances.

"The cable was finished, and when ready, Miss Carrie was the honored guest for the first ride. The ferry was left in running order, but still Mr. Gilsey came now and then to see if it operated in a satisfactory manner.

"The next year the county commissioners ordered a bridge to be erected, and Ben Gilsey was placed in charge of its construction, and made his home at Mr. Lee's for six months; when the bridge was finished Mr. Gilsey found it necessary to return now and then to inspect the bridge. In the meantime Miss Carrie had become a mature young lady, and some of the parties inquired of Gilsey by way of joke if he found the bridge all right. 'Yes, the bridge is all right, and I am proud to say that the girl who swam that angry river for us is deserving of a good husband and I propose to try to be worthy of her myself.'

"They were married soon and Mr. Gilsey's toast at the wedding was, 'Here's to the girl who swam the river for me. I propose to spend the balance of my life in making her happy.'

"The husband became a noted builder and they lived long and happy lives together and Mr. Gilsey never tired telling the story of how he married the girl who swam the river from bank to bank across Lost River Valley, when no man present had the courage to do so."

CHAPTER X.

The Houcks.

Mr. Pontus: "Now, gentlemen, I can give you a short story about a long family.

"The most numerous family in Lost River Valley was known as 'The Houcks.' The old grandfather, Ben Houck, was married when young and he and his wife seemed to recognize the scriptural duty to 'be fruitful, multiply and replenish the earth.' So when ten years of married life had passed over their heads, they had eight white headed little rascals climbing about them. Then the wife and mother died suddenly, leaving Mr. Houck with a lot of little children and no mother to look after them. His home was a substantial, large, well-built log house with plenty of rooms at either end and a large hall through the center. Mr. Houck certainly planned his home with proper calculation for the future. Only one year passed after the death of the wife, when Ben found another wife, who was young in years but did not hesitate to assume the responsible position of step-mother to the crowd of noisy youngsters. It was surprising to observe the easy way in which they all lived together. Ben and the larger boys were usually out on the farm at work and the new mother, with the assistance of

the girls, attended to all matters at home. In the course of the twelve years next following the new mother had excelled her prolific predecessor and had added to the family ten children, making in all eighteen of them, ranging in age from one to twenty years. As old Ben had so much help on the farm the work progressed very nicely, but a new trouble cast a shadow over the entire family. The second wife was taken away, leaving Mr. Houck with 'children and children' and although he had daughters now grown, Ben concluded that they needed a mother very much, or, perhaps, owing to the unbroken stillness that prevailed about his home, he resolutely found a third wife, who was many years his junior, and in accordance with the rules which had been too well and too long established in the family to be interfered with by any ordinary consideration, he was '*blessed*' with youngsters 'galore' who were mothered and nurtured into life and health by the third wife. And such a crowd of fat, saucy, flaxen haired youngsters were never together before or since.

"As time and years will work changes, which no earthly power can prevent, it was an established and conceded fact that Mr. Houck was now 'Old Ben,' and gathered about him was his family of twenty-eight children, when all at home.

"The hall in the center of the house was very

large and was generally a gathering place for the family. The girls lived on one side of the great hall and the boys on the other and the big hall between belonged to them all. The noise, the hilarity, the troubles, the disputes, the reprimands were all in vogue on each succeeding day with unfailing and painful regularity.

"Old Ben was old and rheumatic, he had 'seen his best days' and could not do much but walk about and tell his friends of his twenty-eight children, and of the extraordinary accomplishments and achievements of his numerous progeny.

"But now another influence entered into the life of the Houcks. Grandfather Newton, who owned a farm on the south and who had three sons, being very old, had some years previous divided his farm among them. Jake lived on one hill and Ike on the other, while David remained in the old home down in the Valley. The three boys were married and, as years wagged by, had about ten children each, and the number of boys and girls were about equal and about the same ages as the Houcks.

"When the twenty-eight Houcks and the thirty Newton children and other near-by children congregated in the evening, for the purpose of dispelling the solitude prevailing in the vicinity, the scene was animated and not easily described. The string band was always in demand. They would

dance in Uncle Ben's hall-way, dance in the barns; also at other houses in the neighborhood, and on such occasions the uproar was emphatically uproarous. They frequently had trouble among themselves, and so many controversies arising, it was not unusual to have a daily 'bout.' One day Elijah Newton came down the road through the woods making a noise that resembled that of a bull and when the Houck boys awakened to the situation, they saw a pair of bulls horns fastened on his head. This they understood to be a challenge, or, as they expressed it, 'a defy.' So they chose Sam Houck to go and subdue this 'bull of the woods.' The 'gladiators' were each about eighteen years of age, and were so evenly matched that they fought for forty minutes and wore each other out to such an extent that they lay on the ground holding to each other, but so weak and helpless that neither could injure his antagonist. The fight was declared 'a draw' and each party claimed their champion had the best of it.

"In these battles the clothes would be torn from the 'champions' and their eyes would be black and sometimes entirely closed and the writer recollects distinctly of seeing six boys, walking in a circle with their half naked champion in the center. They traveled in this way to the nearest barn, where they would keep out of view, until suitable clothes would be secured.

"Another thing that made important changes and resulted in tangling the families more than ever was the fact that the members of the two families would inter-marry. Every year would be enlivened by several weddings.

"Doctor Houck married Betsy Newton and David Newton married Sallie Houck and so on from year to year, until in later years they were so mixed up by inter-marriages that they could not tell what relation they were to each other.

"Many of the girls were married at the age of sixteen and were mothers while wearing short dresses, and then came the grandchildren here and there, so that children were plentiful in the houses, in the gardens, in the fields and everywhere, reminding one of the grasshoppers sitting along the fence waiting for the wheat to come up.

"One of the older Houck children was a little white-haired, wizzen-faced fellow, named John. He married the first Newton girl he saw, and they had one child, Elisha. They lived about eighteen years together, when the wife died, and the husband, who drank so much that he was dubbed 'Whiskey Houck,' married a young woman who soon had a child named Bessie. But continued dissipation overcame Whiskey Houck 'and he died also.' After 'Whiskey' died, his son Elisha lived in the house with his stepmother for some months, when on a warm summer evening they quietly

sought a justice of the peace and were married, and a child, named Ben, was soon born to them. And here the relationship grew uncertain. Elisha had married his stepmother. The widow was now the wife of her own step-son. Bessie's half-brother, Elisha, was her step-father. As to the mother, Bessie and Ben were half-brother and sister. As to the father, Bessie was Ben's aunt, Bessie's own mother was her sister-in-law, and if 'Whiskey' could have returned to life it would have taken him till now to definitely settle the exact relation existing between the various members of his immediate family.

"Many daring and ludicrous events transpired in the Valley during the years that the big-boy-age was common among the Houcks.

"One winter we had fine sleighing all through the holiday season. They cut a log about forty feet long with a high bend at the end, on which they placed the horns of a deer, for the head, and appended the tail of an ox on the other end. They built a long, tall neck, and when completed it was easily the fiercest animal that ever inhabited the Valley.

"They mounted this log on the bob-sleds which were used to haul logs to the saw mill, using scantling or posts for legs. The legs on the log were about four feet long, so that the back of the 'Reindeer' was about five feet from the

"JOLLY BOYS OF LOST RIVER VALLEY"

ground. They placed scantling from one end to the other along the sides, about thirty inches below the back of the 'Reindeer' for 'stirrups,' or as a rest for their feet. They trimmed the 'Animal' with ribbons made of bunting stretched here and there over its entire 'symetrical' proportions. They then provided an abundant supply of whiskey at two points, one on either side of the valley and one-half mile apart. They hitched six horses to the 'Deer,' had sleigh bells and cow bells on every horse. They had drums, pans, horns and horse fiddles, and had two boxes nailed on the sides of the 'Deer,' in each of which they tied several of the largest hound dogs in the neighborhood, and then all was ready. Thereupon, John (who had a little, wizzen-face, white-haired, thin, long, chin-whiskers, red eyes, big eyed spectacles, which he wore crooked on his nose), arose and in a piping voice, said:

"'Gentlemen, as I am the *oldest*, the *handsomest* and the *brainiest* one present, I am by the parliamentary laws of England and America entitled to act as president of this club, which I now name the "Jolly Boys of Lost River Valley," and I consider it indispensible that we proclaim certain pungent rules to guide us in the important duties before us to-night, and as temporary and permanent president of this club I will announce three rules for our guidance.

"'*First.* No one shall drink before the president has had a smile.' [Great laughter.]

"'*Second.* If any member shall drink oftener than the president he shall be dismissed from the club.'

"(Cries of 'Oh, oh.' 'He's a corker.' 'He must have had two or three already,' etc.)

"'*Third.* If any member shall take a drink without inviting the president and every member in sight he shall be fined the price of ten gallons of "1844" for the use of the club.'

"(Cries of 'great.' 'Hurrah for the president.' 'John is all right,' etc.)

"'And now, gentlemen, having personally—'

"A voice: 'I rise to a point of order.'

"President: 'State your point.'

"A voice: 'The president is drunk.'

"President: 'The point is well taken.'

"'And now, gentlemen, having personally experienced "*How it feels to be a hero*," I ask you, one and all, to join me in a royal drink to the health, happiness and enjoyment of every member of this club, composed of the most loyal, manly, courageous, intelligent and patriotic men ever assembled on the face of the globe.'

"(Great applause and cries, 'John is all right.')

"They all took a drink, agreeing that was the business of greatest importance and was *always in order.*

"Forty boisterous, wild, dare-devil boys and men now mounted the 'Reindeer.' When they blew the horns all the dogs would howl. They rode back and forth across the valley all night, stopping at each headquarters to warm up. A good deal of warming was necessary. It was chilly. Such unearthly noises, such horn blowing, such yelling, such dog howling, such cat calls, such racket, confusion and such devilish, long-distance screeches and bawling in imitation of animals was never heard before or since on the face of this earth. They had prepared nicknames for the whole crowd, and now and then while drinking would call the roll to see if the 'Reindeer' *had thrown* any of the boys. The nicknames were Jackass Joe, Dog-Faced Ike, Whiskey John, Devil Hank, Mackadoodle and so on. All night this devilish revelry continued; so busy, so reckless, so drunken and dreadfully noisy were they that the gray streaks of morning were entirely unobserved.

"At this stage of proceedings John was seen climbing upon the Reindeer and spoke as follows:

"The President: 'Comrades, ladies and gentlemen. The morning star is fading away'—

"Tim: 'Rise to a "pint" of order.'

"President: 'Well, what's your "pint"?'

"Tim: 'No ladies present.'

"President: 'That is so, but I wanted to re-

mind you that *there are ladies*, and if they are not present (hic) we had better be present *where they are*, as morning is here and daylight (hic) will not accumulate our ap—no that word *accumulate* is not right (hic).'

"Tim: 'You mean "enhance," John.'

"President: 'No, never. If your present appearance was enhanced you would look like the missing link between the devil and a bull frog. When you get home and your women folks say you're drunk, admit it; if they say you're a fool, admit the truth. [Laughter.] If they say you ought to be killed, admit that is true. Tell them the horses gave out—the reindeer gave out—the whiskey gave out, and the night gave out, and we gave out, and such calamities, all at once, are enough to bear without being curtain lectured and excoriated. I got the right word that time and you'll all agree with me when you get home. Let's go before the light of day intensifies your facial contortions. Tom looks like a lobster. Dick, like a chimpanzee. Abe, like a cross-eyed tree frog. If I did not look better than the rest of you I would not get in my house at all. Now, boys, excuse me, I should say *men*, no I should say *gentlemen*. Yes, conservatively speaking, *high-toned gentlemen*, one and all, I bid you good-night.'

"Tim: 'Rise to "pint" of order.'

"President: 'State your "pint."'

"Tim: 'It's morning and good-night is not in order.'

"President: 'Well, then you can go home in the morning, and now for home, sweet home.'

"A voice: 'Wait till you get there and it may not be so darned sweet.'

"President: 'We will adjourn singing the old song of our fathers which we all love so well.' Each chose a different song. You could hear 'Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot,' 'Baby Mine, Baby Mine,' 'Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet Home,' 'My Country 'Tis of Thee,' 'In the Sweet By and By' and so on, and the morning air was so astonished that it failed to carry any particular song and left all in a general babble—as nonsensical and silly as the rag-time music fiddled by Nero during the burning of Ancient Rome.

"They all broke up, part of them trying to sing; more of them yelling like demons, horns blowing and the dogs howling; one or two of the most intoxicated of the boys were crying and blubbering like fools, all together it was confusion confounded, and as they scattered over the fields the noise gradually died away and the ride was over and the Reindeer had rest.

"Such a furore, disturbance and profound sensation was created by this all-night carousal that the good people of the neighborhood appeared

before the grand jury and endeavored to have the whole party indicted, and many winters passed over the heads of the people of that vicinity before the ride on the 'Reindeer' ceased to be the standing topic of conversation, and even now the old grandmothers shake their heads ominously when the subject is mentioned, and declare this to be the greatest standing disgrace that ever tainted the reputation of their people.

"The Houcks ran a saw-mill and supplied lumber to the neighbors, and when the boys married they would take lumber and build houses, of about two rooms each, on some remote part of the farm, and these little houses appeared manywheres on the hill sides on either side of the Valley. During a great freshet and consequent high water in the valley the house in which Ezra Houck lived was lifted from its foundation and quietly floated away. Ezra broke a hole through the roof with an axe and lifted his wife and baby up through the roof. The house wandered about for some time in the water, and then turned into a big eddy on the side of the main current of the stream and slowly floated around and around. The men soon gathered on the shore and when the house circled near a point of land they 'lassoed' a rope to Ezra, who made it fast to the house so the men had it 'in tow.' They pulled it in around a point of land into a little

bay and towed it on a patch of level ground in the woods and tied it to the trees. Then the men put a log under the floating end of the house and propped it in the middle. A few days later Ezra ascertained that the house was not on his father's land, but in woods belonging to Uncle Billy Smith, and two of his friends called on Uncle Billy to see about it. Mr. Smith said, 'Boys, I was out there when the house was floating about in deep water, and the way that little flaxen-haired mother clung to the roof; the way she clung to the child; the way she cried; the way she looked ashore for help; the way her eyes sent forth a deluge of tears, were things to be remembered. Boys, I don't use that corner in the woods and they can live there as long as they please. I do not want any rent.'

"They remained there for years and Uncle Billy Smith was not only kind to them, but had a fatherly care over them and assisted them as long as he lived, and when he was gone and his will was probated, to the surprise of everybody the five acres of land on part of which the little house stood was willed to *Annie, wife of Ezra Houck.*

"So this is the way Ezra's house came to be on Billy Smith's land, and this is the way that the nerve, bravery and tears of a young mother procured for her and her's a little home for their whole lives."

CHAPTER XI.

The Great Toboggan.

Mr. Pontus: "The Houcks also participated in what was perhaps the greatest toboggan ride ever known.

"One winter we had about one foot of snow and it had the best staying qualities of any snow I ever saw in the Valley. After it had lain two or three days and became well settled the rain commenced to fall and froze as fast as it touched the snow. It formed a substantial ice crust on the snow which was like ice except that it was somewhat rough, but it was so strong that a man could walk over it without danger of breaking through. Anyone getting started on the ice would most likely go to the foot of the slope and would surely do so if the incline was steep. Sheep, calves and other live stock generally had rough experiences if they once stepped out of the beaten path, and while they were utterly helpless and could not regain their footing, while sliding over the crust, yet, usually they would not be injured, unless they came in contact with a tree or other permanent obstacle as they rushed along down grade.

"To save stock from harm the farmers broke the crust across the hill below the stables so that

animals could get a foothold to stop on the hill-side and then follow the path to safety. It was not an unusual scene during the week that this crust remained to see men and boys coming down the hills on the crust. They would progress nicely as long as they could keep their feet under them. There was a very high hill on the side of the Valley called Fisher's Knob, which had a very precipitous descent of several hundred feet and a more moderate slope below. The youngsters had ridden down this hill a few times in the snow prior to this time, but had had no experience on the surface of ice.

"In the afternoon when the school children had just been released, two of the Houck boys and two others selected a sawed plank, twelve feet long, twelve inches wide, and having shaped it at the front end after the fashion of a sled runner, trailed it along the path to the top of the hill and soon the crowd below was surprised to see the four boys come over the bluff at break-neck speed.

"Their toboggan plank ran true and they all kept their places and came to the foot of the hill floundering into a snow bank twenty feet high that had collected at the foot of the hill. The successful trip and the whoop of triumph that went out on the winter air as they dashed into the snow drift seemed to drive the

crowd wild instantaneously. Half an hundred of boys and girls, the number of boys predominating, sought the lumber pile, and selecting a wide plank for each four of them started trailing them for the top of the great bluff that loomed up against the sky before them. At length they were scattered along the top of the bluff, looking like an army of scullers ready to make an international race or perhaps more like making a charge on the people who stood at the foot of the hill.

"The 'Go' was heard ringing from the hill-top and the next moment they were approaching the bluff. Soon one plank seemed to strike some obstruction and commenced whirling round and round as it came down. It soon knocked against its neighbor and drove it out of line and it in turn knocked others, and so the disorder continued.

"The boys and girls lost their hold on their respective planks and they were scattered here and there over the icy hill and all came furiously on. The farther they came the greater their speed. They had neither power to slow up or stop. Boys here and girls there, and now boys and girls mixed up in the furious drive and many of the planks came rushing on with no one near them and cutting all kinds of circles. One boy stuck his heel into

the crust to stop, but was dashed forward on his head, which broke through the crust, cutting his ears partly off, from which the blood ran down freely. All the girls were screaming and some of the boys calling for help, many of them crying from their injuries and fright. But however much they were frightened or injured they could do nothing but come on. The girls clutched hold of any person or anything within reach, and if they once secured a hold they stuck right there to 'the last wag of the hammer and the last roll of the drum.' One girl sat on the head of one of the boys and scraped his face to the quick. Another girl was forced squarely astride of a big boy and thus came on. The next moment they all whirled into the snow drift with an indescribable and tremendous swirl. The snow flew twenty feet high and the cries of the crowd was something appalling.

"The crowd of onlookers rushed in to assist the buried tobogganers out of the snow and carried them out one by one.

"Ears were cut, scraped and bruised, arms and fingers broken, eyes and faces scraped and bruised and the blood was simply scrubbed out of the faces of several of them and the clothes torn beyond all hope of repair.

"Men, girls, boys, planks, wraps, hats and snow

in one confused and indescribable jumble. Both the spectators and the participants were frightened. A doctor was soon found who was busy for hours sewing up ears and gashes, setting dislocated fingers and broken arms and the mothers busied themselves washing and dressing the boys and girls and applying ointments, liniments and lotions.

"The tobogganers had underrated the speed of their vehicles. They had misjudged the speed to be gained by the steep incline. They had failed to estimate the smoothness of the snow crust. One little fellow who had been through the worst of the trip said: 'It was a dandy ride all right, but we couldn't stop when we got enough of it.'

"No one was killed or permanently injured, but the way they spread out on the hill-top to start, the way they all started with shouts of joy, the way they all were jumbled together, the way they were whirled and knocked about as they came down, the way the big planks jammed and battered about among the helpless boys and girls the way they were frightened and screamed and cried, the way they all rushed furiously on and no part of either the toboggans or the riders could stop and the grand swoop with which they whirled into that snow drift are things to be remembered. For years afterward it could be heard that that gentleman or that lady 'was one

of the party that *tobogganed over Fisher's Knob* on the crust on the big snow. Jack said that Emily sat on him all the way and ground and pressed his side down on the crust so that his ribs would not have made good spare ribs for a month afterward.

"Bessie was kicked by the boot of some gallant comrade so that she had the 'mumps' for a month and Sam insisted that gentle Annie had stuck her heel in his mouth and it was no delicate French heel either. And Gertie said she was so smothered in the snow that she was unconscious for a moment and when she 'came to' the first thing she heard was Jim yelling 'Twenty minutes for supper!'

"Now we will let Fannie tell her experience in her own way:

"'Jack brought his dog with him as usual. The pup's name was "Dingbats," but Jack, in the multitude of his duties, did not have time to speak the entire name, so he called him "Ding." He was a young bull dog and would catch the end of a rope and hold on while Jack would swing him around in the air a dozen times and whenever the dog saw a rope he would jump for it. When we started at the top of the hill the noise and excitement put the pup on the lookout for something to do. He spied the rope fastened to the plank I was on,

and as the plank moved off he made a lunge and caught the rope.

"'He was going cross-ways when he caught it and his weight and impetus turned the plank out of its course and it soon came in contact with another plank and changed its course, but "Ding" held right on until we had gone over the bluff, when the excitement was so great that he had to bark. His rope was gone and he could not get it again. At this moment I came near the dog and he caught hold of the bottom of my skirt with a never-let-go grip. I screamed when the dog took hold on me, but I could do nothing but go right on. The dog had learned a lesson by having the rope jerked from him and now he held on "for keeps." He was not frightened or displeased in the least, but found himself in the very midst of the most exciting and enjoyable picnic in which he had ever participated. Sliding on the crust did not hurt him a particle. He was accustomed to rough experiences and this was exactly to his liking. I never lost "Ding," or rather he never lost me, until we were smothering in the snow drift. We both survived. When "Ding" took hold of me I was so mad I could have killed him, but I could not kill him or myself either then, but when it was all over I realized that I had a great affection for "Ding" and always carressed him whenever I would see him.

"Ding" performed his part of the ride perhaps better than any one and I am sure he enjoyed it much more than any one of our number.'

"Flossy's story: 'Now, I will tell you. The hill was all clear when we passed up and around the knob, but when we came over the knoll, on our way down, there was a one year old calf standing in our way. It had stepped on the crust and had slid over the bluff and had caught its sharp foot in a break in the crust which was made by some large weeds blowing back and forth while the rain was falling. There it stood, afraid to take another step. We had already been knocked off our planks, and Betsey and I were rushing along about three feet apart reaching every way for something to hold to, but could reach nothing. Betsey shot right through under the calf and 'never touched him;' as I passed I caught the calf by the tail and my weight and speed jerked the calf away from the slot in which it held its foot. Then away we went, the calf sprawling every way but sliding at great speed and me holding to its tail. I did not dare to let go as I knew I could get hold of nothing else. We rushed on at the most maddening rate till we all wound up in the snow drift. The calf, the planks, the boys, girls and myself in one general struggle to get out of the snow drift alive. The calf preceded me into the snow drift and

when I came upon it, it kicked me out of the snow, which prevented me from being suffocated like others were. I made my father buy that calf and I have it now. It is now a venerable mother cow, and I can always see that she has a most amiable countenance and smiles sweetly when I mention *our* trip over Fisher's Knob. This trip was part of—

"'The smiles and tears
Of boyhood's years,'

in which the girls unintentionally took an important part.'"

CHAPTER XII.

The Courts in the Early Times.

"The courts first established in this state were good enough, and generally administered the law with even-handed justice to the people. The judges were honest men and in dealing with the landed interests of the people, were generally just and fair to all litigants. But it must be admitted that they were not educated, in the law, as legal education is now understood among lawyers and judges and as is required by the law colleges. In other words, where education was lacking, good common sense served to guide the mind of the court to do justice to all parties, and now if I had to have my case tried by a judge, and had my choice to have one who was well educated in the law and did not have good common sense of justice, or one who had little education, but had the old-fashioned good mother wit and good horse sense, I would prefer the latter. I knew a judge whose education was exceedingly limited and who was, as the bar expressed it, 'no lawyer,' and yet I have heard the same lawyers who thus passed this careless judgment on him say that somehow and in some way he managed to make decisions that were almost universally sustained by the Supreme Court.

"I took occasion one day when at court to talk with the judge as to the great trouble he must have in rendering so many judgments, in so many different cases, and keep them all right. He replied, 'my friend, it is not so hard as you suppose. When I hear good lawyers on both sides of the case I can always see the very right of the matter. Good lawyers always make cases clear to me, but I will tell you where I get into the fog—and that is when I have a good clear-headed, well prepared lawyer on one side, and a fool on the other. Then it is hard to prevent leaning toward the weak side and helping that side out, which a judge should not do except to prevent injustice being done.'

"I like to attend court and found that in the midst of the adjustment of the serious difficulties between litigants, there were many occurrences that smack of the ridiculous so much that I was greatly amused.

THE COW CASE.

"The court house stood near the low ground in the valley of Lost River and the pools and wet ground were alive with great frogs who combined their vocal powers to run a frog chorus all night. And the crows were also very plentiful, and in case a dead animal was left in the swamp the crows would gather about and have a regular banquet over the

remains. One day when court convened a replevin suit for a cow was the first case called. The jury had been agreed on, and evidence heard for half an hour, when the Judge remarked that he had listened very attentively to the evidence but did not as yet understand which party to the suit had possession of the cow.

"At this point Mr. Huey, who had been a preacher for years, and then turned lawyer, arose with much dignity and said: 'If the court please, the cow in controversy in the suit has long since departed this life, the crows of Lost River Valley have long since banqueted upon her carcass, and the frogs of Lost River swamps have long since sung her requiem.' Thus the court ascertained that the cow was dead and the parties were fighting on to ascertain who should pay the costs.

THE STANDING INVITATION.

"The sheriff reported to the court that a witness had been subpœnaed to come to court and had not come—and he desired an attachment to bring the defaulting witness into court. The writ was issued and the next day the sheriff stated to the court that he had the defaulting witness in court, and thereupon produced the witness before the court. The Judge asked to see the papers in the case, and was handed an indictment against the witness for grand larceny. The Judge said, 'Why, this

man appears to be a defendant instead of a witness,' and turning to the man said, 'Why were you not here to attend your trial?' The defendant was a great, tall, old man, with long straight hair; he stretched up to his full height and said, 'Mr. Judge, I did not know that I had an invitation to come, or I would have been here.' The Judge said, 'you can understand right now, that as long as you are indicted for stealing thirteen hogs, that you have a standing invitation to attend this court from day to day, and term to term until your case is disposed of.' One of the lawyers, who tried criminal cases frequently during the term of court, referred to the defendant as one of those who had a 'standing invitation' to attend the criminal court at every term.

WITNESS "A suit was on trial to recover from THOMPSON. the railroad company for killing five cows of the plaintiff, when Mr. Thompson was called to testify for plaintiff, and stated that he saw the locomotive run over the cows and kill them, and then it whistled. The opposing counsel then took the witness and asked him very sharply, 'now, Mr. Thompson, will you tell us what that locomotive was whistling for after it had killed the cows?' Thompson replied in a slow stuttering way, 'that I doesn't know for certain, but I tell you what I think—I think that engine was whistling

for more cows.' This raised a tremendous laugh in court during which Mr. Thompson was excused from the witness stand.

REPARTEE IN COURT. "Lawyer Dutton was very old, fat and short of breath. He would talk a few minutes, then stop to breathe a spell—then go on with his speech. One day he had spoken some time, making his usual pauses. The opposing counsel replied by saying that 'the gentleman, who had just spoken, reminded him of Abe Lincoln's steamboat on the Sangamon River. The whistle of the boat being useless, they attached an old saw mill whistle to the boat. The whistle was so large, and the boat so small, that it required all of its steam to blow the whistle, so the boat could not run when it whistled, and could not whistle when it run'—here Lawyer Dutton retorted, that he admitted that the gentleman could both run and whistle—during the war he had run so fast that he could not stop till he reached home, and since that time he had spent his time whistling young turkeys in out of the rain—and that he had never gained a suit in his life, except the one he had stolen from the sheriff. Here his breath gave out, and during the cessation of hostilities the court ordered that the counsel should confine themselves *more closely to the evidence.*

THE IOSEAMUS PILL. "A case came on for trial against a doctor who is said to have neglected Mrs. Cross, who had been his patient. The Doctor presumed that he was the only one in court who knew anything about the names of medicines, and when asked what medicines he had administered to the lady he replied that he had given her pills, and when asked what kind of pills, he said, 'Ioseamus pills'. 'What is that?', said the old Judge. 'Ioseamus pills, may it please the court,' said the doctor. The Judge said, 'Doctor, you may tell me the medicines which formed the ingredients of those pills.' The doctor looked about for a moment and then said, 'Judge, the medicines all have Latin and Greek names, and there is no use of telling you, as you would not understand them.' This raised a general laugh at the Judge's expense.

THE WITCH. "There was a remnant of Indians left when the Shawnees left this country and two young Indian men were indicted for killing an old Indian woman. At the trial it was fully proved that the two men tied the old woman with hickory bark to a tree and beat her to death. The defense set up on the trial was, that they believed the old woman to be a witch and therefore ought to be killed, and thereupon

they proceeded to perform their duty and killed her. The Judge had no patience with such a defense and instructed the jury accordingly. The jury promptly returned a verdict of not guilty, and when asked by the Judge why they did so, stated that the defendants had killed the old woman without doubt, but that they did not think it right to punish Indians by laws made by white men. The Judge told them that law was established for the protection and government of everybody, be he an Indian or a Hotentot, and if the jury could not understand that, that they were unfit and incompetent to act as jurors, and that they were all discharged and could now go home.

THE JOKE. "During the trial of a case, the Judge (who was known as a great joker) had ruled out certain testimony and instructed the attorney not to comment on that particular evidence, as it was not in the case. The attorney, toward the close of his speech, spoke to the jury of that evidence, the same as if nothing had been said by the court. The court said: 'Mr. Alden, I forbade you commenting on that evidence as it was ruled out, and I now fine you five dollars for contempt of court for your action in this matter.' Mr. Alden never turned around, but kept looking at the jury a moment and then said, 'Gentlemen, I did not hear the joke that the judge just gave

us, but as his jokes are always good, it is perfectly safe for us to laugh,' so the jury and the crowd broke out in loud laughter, and the Judge listened a moment, then laughed too, and that was the end of the joke.

BOUND TO WIN. "Lawyer Barnes was addressing the jury and making many violent gestures when a cuff came off and he threw it on the table and continued. Soon his other cuff became loose and he threw it on the table and continued. In the course of a few minutes his shirt collar was off at one side, and the end of it was prodding him under the chin when he spoke. He stopped and said: 'Gentlemen of the jury, one cuff came off and I continued, the other came off but I did not mind that, but now my collar has come off and I throw it down. Now I do not intend to allow these things to interfere with my argument, I am going right on and I am going to win this case if I have to take my whole shirt off to do it.' This raised a tremendous uproar in court and Mr. Barnes won his case.

EDWARDS WON THE GAME. "In a land case, involving twenty thousand dollars, and in which seven lawyers were interested, the Judge had been annoyed by the delay in paying the money.

The parties owing it asked for thirty days' time in which to pay it, and the Judge replied, 'No, it is now twelve o'clock and I am going to lunch, and I want that money to be in the hands of the clerk when I get back.' The money was paid to the clerk, and Mr. Edwards, attorney for plaintiff, demanded the money of the clerk at once and it was paid to him in a certified check. Mr. Edwards then walked into the court room and the seven lawyers were each writing, as if his life depended upon it. Mr. Edwards asked Lawyer Yerger why they were all writing so. Yerger says, 'They are bringing seven attachment suits to tie up that money in the hands of the clerk and you'll not get a dollar of it. Mr. Edwards said, 'Why I already have the money, in a certified check, in my pocket,' and showed him the check. Mr. Yerger then walked into the room where they were all writing and said, 'Hold on, gentlemen, stop writing, it is all over, Mr. Edwards has "taken the pot."'

THE FRIENDLESS GIRL. "During the call of the criminal docket a case was called against Dora Field, charged with setting fire to Mr. Sanford's house. The Sanfords were very rich, and four brothers of them and the wives of all the brothers came to court, each of them there to testify against Dora. When the case was ready

the girl (about fifteen years of age) was brought from the county jail, pale, scared, and not well dressed. She had no father, mother, relative or friend who would come to befriend her. The old Judge looked over the counsel and witnesses and influential force against her, and asked her if she had a lawyer, if she had parents, etc. He then said he would appoint an attorney to defend her, and looked about the room. Mr. Taylor, the ablest lawyer belonging to that bar, arose and said: 'If your Honor please, I see this child is alone and friendless and I volunteer my services as her attorney in this case.' The Judge thanked him, and said it afforded him great pleasure to know that one who had neither money or friends could have able counsel to see that justice was done.

"The trial proceeded at once, and it was 'a tug of war' from start to finish. The Sanfords with their wealth, influence, attorneys, and so many of them, combined their efforts to convict the girl, but every single inch of the ground was fought over, step by step, and when the time for the argument came Mr. Taylor drew word paintings of the *Sanford clan* arrayed against a helpless child of such tender years. He demanded that the jury would allow every reasonable doubt in her favor, and made a defense for her that could not have been better if she had been the daughter

of a millionaire. The jury, after much deliberation, found the girl not guilty, and Mr. Taylor took her by the hand and walked out of the court-room in triumph. He then called some of the best ladies in the town to his office and advised with them as to where she should be sent to school, and she was sent away to boarding school and Mr. Taylor paid her expenses at school for four years, and she entered upon her young life with good schooling and under most promising surroundings. She had one friend who was moved to befriend her because of her forsaken, desolate and helpless circumstances, which appealed strongly to his great heart.

KEPT HIS AGREEMENT. "A colored witness was being examined in a mule stealing case. He had turned state's evidence, and agreed to tell the whole truth if allowed to go free.

"He told a long story, putting the blame on everybody but himself, and when he seemed to have finished his statement the attorney for the state asked him if he had told the whole truth about this matter. He replied, 'Yes, sir; I have told the whole truth, and if anything a little the rise of it.' With this statement he left the witness stand, conscious that he had kept his promise beyond all question.

PECULIAR VERDICT. "Six men were indicted for grand larceny, and the evidence showed that they had killed six big, fatted hogs, and had buried them in a hole in the ground, and covered them with brush, leaves and snow. The plan was to keep the hogs there during a cold spell of weather, and go at night and get what meat they might want, but they were found out, and all arrested. They were indicted for grand larceny, and the evidence sustained that charge. The jury went out, and returned a verdict of, 'We, the jury, find all the defendants guilty of malicious mischief.' Nothing having been said in the papers or the evidence about malicious mischief, the verdict was a great surprise, and the attorney for the defendants jumped up, saying, 'The jury can't do that—can't do anything of the kind.' The Judge asked the attorney if he had heard the story of the man, in the stocks, for getting drunk; the attorney had not heard the story, so the Judge told it. 'His friend coming along and seeing him there, said, "they can't do that—no sir, can't never do it;" the fellow in the stocks says, "the h— they can't, I am here." That is the way with your verdict, the jury have found them guilty, whether they can do so or not; as the punishment for grand larceny is imprisonment in the penitentiary and that for malicious mischief is six months confinement in the county jail, I would

let the other fellow move to set the verdict aside.' No motion to set aside the verdict was ever made, and the six men were sent to jail six months each for malicious mischief.

OHIO MUTTON WITH AN INDIANA FLAVOR.

"A case called for trial against Bob Ross for larceny of two sheep. The case made by the state seemed well proved. It appeared that the sheep pastured in a field bordering the Ohio state line, and that Ross removed two rails from the fence, and when the sheep came through he killed two of them and drove the others back, and carried the mutton away, and was therefore guilty of grand larceny. Then the defense put in their evidence, that Ross resided in Ohio; that he did not touch the sheep until after they crept through the fence, into Ohio; that he could not be convicted of larceny against the laws of Indiana without being in that state; that if any crime was committed it was clearly a crime against the laws of Ohio. The Judge became quite serious in the consideration of this defense, and instructed the jury that if they believed from the evidence, that no violation of the laws of Indiana, within the territory of that state, had been committed, they must find the defendant not guilty, which the jury proceeded to do, and Ross was thereupon discharged, whereupon Ross said it had

now been judicially determined that he was not guilty, but he would admit that the mutton was the best he had ever tasted in his life, and that even now he had a lingering recollection that the mutton had a kind of *Indiana flavor*.

MADE ROOM FOR "THE GENTLEMAN." "When I attended court there was but one hotel in the place, and it was one of the fiercest hotels I ever knew, so I found a comfortable boarding place where all the lawyers stopped. There was a large room with a bed in each of the three corners, and each bed was occupied. When we had all retired Judge Handy and Colonel Singleton came, and were accommodated by making a bed on the floor in the remaining empty corner, and we all went to sleep. Just then two young men came into the room in a noisy, drunken condition—one of them said to his comrade: 'Jim, turn in somewhere, I will sleep here (pointing to the bed on the floor).' Colonel Singleton raised up and denounced the two men as drunken blackguards—disturbing gentlemen—and ordered them peremptorily to leave the room. The man addressed acted as if he had not heard the colonel's outburst and abuse, and said, coolly: 'Find a place, Jim, I will sleep here,' and as he spoke he drew a big revolver from one boot and a large, shining bowie knife from the other, and shoving

the points of each at Colonel Singleton, saying: '*Lie over.*' Great Scot! but the colonel jumped. He went straight up about two feet, and lighting on Judge Handy, saying in very earnest tones, 'Judge, please lie over and make room *for this gentleman.*' 'The gentleman' did sleep there, and rested much better than the colonel and his friend.

A "Squire" Who Was Equal to the Emergency.

"Back in the low lands in the southern part of the county in a place known as Coon's Corners, they had a justice of the peace by the name of Burns. They tell many stories on him.

"One day Jim Dugan came to Squire Burns and stated that he found a dead man in the swamp, and the squire went with him to the place. They found forty dollars and a big revolver on the corpse. Dugan said: 'Squire, what's to do?' The squire says: 'I'll fine him fifteen dollars for vagrancy, and fifteen dollars and confiscate his revolver for carrying concealed weapons, and for the remaining ten dollars we will give the poor fellow a decent burial in this ditch, which they did, and everything having been judiciously adjusted and accounts squared they returned home and said no more about it.

HE 'ROSE WITH THE OCCASION.

"During the war I had charge of a large boat that carried supplies to the army, and soon after the northern army captured Vicksburg I ran in there with supplies, and while detained there I spent my time about the old Washington Hotel.

"One morning Mr. Drew, a gentleman from New York, came to the hotel very much excited. His cotton had been seized by the government. He had been down the river buying cotton for some weeks, and as soon as Vicksburg was taken came in there with three great scow boats, each loaded to the water's edge and away up twelve or fifteen feet with cotton bales. The cotton was worth about two hundred thousand dollars.

"There was at the hotel at that time a little lawyer from Dayton, Ohio, by the name of Ike Houston. He had a little practice at home and received a fee of five or ten dollars for trying a case. Mr. Drew was telling about his cotton being seized, and was in the gravest trouble as to the result. Houston said: 'Why, I can get your cotton released. I know the provost marshal. Why, he is from Dayton, Ohio.' Mr. Drew was greatly interested, and asked Houston to try to get it released. Houston went off to see the provost marshal and told him that Mr. Drew owned the cotton; that he was from New York, and was as loyal as any of us, and the cotton should be re-

leased, and soon procured an order releasing the cotton and returned with the order. In the meantime Mr. Drew had gone to see his cotton. Houston said to us that he thought he ought to charge Mr. Drew fifty dollars for that job. We all said, 'Ike, make it a hundred. It is all right; make it a hundred.' Houston did not think he would stand it, but he would charge him fifty dollars anyway. Just then in came Mr. Drew, and Houston said: 'I got the order; your cotton is released.' Mr. Drew said: 'Let me see, sure enough you have, thanks,' and pulled out a money wallet and commenced laying one-hundred-dollar bills on Houston's hand. Houston looked silly for a moment and then stiffened up his hand, and as the bills came he raised up and stuck out his chest and kept on '*swelling up*' until there were twenty one-hundred-dollar bills in his hand when Mr. Drew stopped and said: 'I suppose that is satisfactory.' Houston raised up a little more, and looked very important and said: 'Well, just put on two more of those new fellows there and it will be all right.' He got the two more and Mr. Drew left for his boats with the order. Captain Davis, who saw it all, said: 'By jove, boys, I think more of Ike than ever before. The way he 'rose with the occasion was *simply sublime*.'

KNEW "A MULY" WHEN HE SAW IT.

"A colored man had stolen a cow and to prevent her being identified had cut off her ears. He was being tried in the Criminal Court for the theft, and Mr. Morgan, who purchased the cow of the thief, was called as a witness, when the following occurred:

"State's Attorney: 'Did you purchase a cow of the defendant, and if so, when?'

"Mr. Morgan: 'Yes, sir, I did, last July.'

"Question: 'What kind of a cow was it?'

"Answer: 'I can not remember.'

"Question: 'What color was she?'

"Answer: 'I can not remember, but I think she was a brindle.'

"Question: 'Did she have any peculiarity in her appearance?'

"Answer: 'No, sir, not as I recollect.'

"Question: 'How did she appear when you looked her in the face?'

"Answer: 'When as I now recollect her, she had a very amiable countenance.'

"Question: 'Don't you recollect something peculiar about her head, horns or ears?'

"Answer: 'No, sir.'

"Question: 'Mr. Morgan, as a matter of fact, were not both of that cow's ears cut off close up to her head?'

"Answer: 'No, sir, it could not have been so,

as there is one thing I am certain of, that I know "*a muly*" when I see it.'

LOST ELOQUENCE. "I read somewhere a good court story. Lawyer Bragg was very large, very eloquent and spoke very loud. He closed his argument with tremendous effect. When the sound had died away, his opponent, who was a little wizzen-faced fellow, arose and said: 'Gentlemen, I am reminded of an old fable: You will remember how the lion and the ass agreed to slay the beasts of the field and divide the spoil. The ass was to go into the thicket and bray and frighten the animals out, while the lion was to lie in wait and kill the fugitives as they appeared. The ass sought the darkest part of the jungle, and, lifting up his awful voice, brayed, and brayed, and brayed. The ass was quite intoxicated with his uproar, and thought he'd return and see what the lion thought of it. With a light heart he went back and found the lion looking doubtfully about him.'

" 'What do you think of that?' said the exultant ass. 'Do you think I scared 'em?'

" 'Scared 'em?' repeated the lion, in an agitated tone. 'Why you'd a scared me if I didn't know you were a jackass.'

"The jury, the court and the audience joined in laughter at the expense of the eloquent Mr. Bragg.

JUDGE HENRY. "Judge Henry was quite old and very nervous. Lawyer Sharp was very peculiar and was sometimes very quiet in argument, and the next moment very shrill and thrilling.

"One warm afternoon, while Sharp was making an argument to the jury, everything was quiet and Judge Henry was reading a newspaper, held up high before his face. Mr. Sharp was talking to the jury almost in a whisper, when he suddenly yelled, 'Mark ye,' in his highest and most piercing yell. The old judge was so shocked that his hands jerked, tearing the newspaper open in the middle, and the Judge's sharp face came right through the opening in the paper and looked here and there to see what had happened. The crowd in the court room broke out in a general laugh, in which lawyers and jury joined heartily.

A COMPETENT WITNESS. "I heard of a Chinaman being called as a witness, when the objection was made that he was incompetent because he did not understand the nature of an oath.

"The Judge said: 'John, if you are sworn as a witness and should then tell a lie what would happen?'

"John promptly answered: 'Me go to Hellee same as Melican man.'

"The Judge said 'he understands our language and appreciates the scope and purpose of our leading institution. He is entirely competent.'

HIS PRINCIPLES WERE PLIABLE. "At the cross roads, beyond the hills on the east side of the river, old man Martin run a grocery, and sold drinks somewhat on the 'blind pig' style. He was a great church man, paid to its support and was very popular with the church people. He had a colored man, named Sam, who was his all around confidential man about the store.

"One foggy, damp morning neighbor Forbes rode up early and unobserved and was hitching his horse at the store, when Martin came out of his house on the side next to the store, when the following occurred:

"Martin: 'Hello, Sam.'

"Sam: 'Yes, sir.'

"Martin: 'Have you sanded the sugar?'

"Sam: 'Yes, sir.'

"Martin: 'Have you chalked the milk?'

"Sam: 'Yes, sir.'

"Martin: 'Have you watered the whiskey?'

"Sam: 'Yes, sir.'

"Martin: 'All right, come in to prayers.'

WALTER'S ORATION. "In our school, in the early times, we had essays and speeches by the boys. Walter Bradley, when called upon, spoke on this wise:

"'We know we all expected a good time on Christmas. I expected that too and started out to have it. I had gone but a short way when two large dogs met at my feet and commenced fighting. They fought over me and under me till I concluded both of them were about to eat me up, *or down*, which was all the same to me.

"'To get away from them, I ran across behind a grocery wagon, which came around the corner. A small rope caught me and then a bob sled jerked my feet from under me and left me looking at the stars. When I had my shins repaired I started across the street, where some horses and three wagons were in a collision, and several persons, including myself, were almost frightened into fits, and the only reason we were not caught in the tangle was because they were all so mixed up that they would not accommodate me by taking me in.

"'I escaped and started on a run for school, but slipped on the ice and my nose was much shorter than usual when I got up. The blood spread all over my face and my clothes and a policeman arrested me, but he did not know what for, neither did I. So we both let each

other go, and as I rushed into the schoolroom I met my sweetheart. She fainted dead away, and has not come to yet. So there you are, and please excuse me. It may be that I'—by this time he was gone and nothing more was heard of him or his speech.

ECONOMICAL IN WORDS. "Two of my neighbors were exceedingly economical, and were so in conversation as well as everything else. One morning they met on the street, when the following occurred:

"Cy: 'Good morning, Zeb.'

"Zeb: 'Good morning, Cy.'

"Cy: 'Zeb, what did you give your horse when he had the colic?'

"Zeb: 'Turpentine.'

"Cy: 'Good morning, Zeb.'

"Zeb: 'Good morning, Cy.'

"Five days later they met again, when the following occurred:

"Cy: 'Good morning, Zeb.'

"Zeb: 'Good morning, Cy.'

"Cy: 'Zeb, what did you say you gave your horse?'

"Zeb: 'Turpentine.'

"Cy: 'Well, I gave mine that and it killed him.'

"Zeb: 'Well, it killed mine, too.'

"Cy: 'Morning, Zeb.'

"Zeb: 'Morning, Cy.'

"A decided coolness prevailed between them for some time.

THE MAJOR CAME TO TOWN.

"Major Blossom was standing on the porch of the hotel displaying a new watch and chain which he had just purchased, when a newsboy rushed up with, 'Morning paper, Major.'

"Major: 'No, don't bother me.'

"Boy: 'Ah, you just have a paper, Major.'

"Major: 'No, go away, I tell you."

"Boy: 'Why, Major, better buy one.'

"Major: 'Get out, I tell you (starting toward him).'

"The boy walked away about fifteen feet and said: 'Major, what time is it, please?'

"The Major looked at the boy, and then at his watch, and said: 'It is just two o'clock.'

"The boy walked forward a few steps and said: 'Major, it is now two, and just at fifteen minutes after two you can go to hell.'

"The Major made for the boy and away they went down street at a furious rate, when they met Col. Jones, who said: 'Hello, Major, what is the trouble?'

"Major: 'Why, sir, that little devil told me to go to hell in fifteen minutes.'

"Jones: 'Ah, well, Major, don't rush, you have plenty of time, you will make it easy without so much exertion.'

"The Major 'slowed up' and returned to the hotel."

CHAPTER XIII.

Jim Cummings' Speech.

Mr. Benton: "How were political contests long years ago?"

Mr. Pontus: "When you mention politics the most distinct recollection I have on that subject was the speeches made by the candidates.

"We had a lively fellow in our community who was a great politician. He would run for office now and then. He would preside at public meetings and his remarks and speeches were quaint and very effective. He was speaking at a meeting called in this neighborhood when he was a candidate for sheriff. He looked over the audience and seeing Mr. Smith, who he understood to be against him as a candidate, said:

"'Now, there is Mr. Smith, he will vote for me to make up for a job he did for me ten years ago.

"'I employed him to build a big chimney outside of my house. He finished the job and had an elaborate top looming away above the house. He then called me out to see the job and said: "Mr. Cummings there is a first-class job, a real work of art. There, sir, is a chimney that will last for you, your children and your grand-chil Look out, Cummings, there it comes!" and sure

enough we scarcely were out of the way when the work of art was spread out in a general wreck before us. I never told this story on Smith till now, and considering that work of art, and the amount of actual service I had out of that chimney, I claim that Smith should vote for me. Now, I will tell you another one on him.' Smith said: 'Hold on, Cummings, I will vote for you on the condition that you never tell that story on me again.' Cummings replied: 'Never again, Smith, never again—shake. [Applause.]

"'Now, gentlemen, I am satisfied of the support of every voter here except Mr. Lutton, and he is a Democrat and I am a Whig. But now, Mr. Lutton, you must vote for me on the ground that one good turn deserves another. Now, sir, about twenty years ago you raised the best watermelons in the county, and while people generally paid no attention whatever to that fact and failed to show their appreciation of your superior mode of gardening, I was more appreciative. I went again and again and stole your melons, and ate them, both in the woods at night and manywheres about your garden. And I testify right now and here to the superb quality of those melons; why, it seems to me that even now I have a lingering recollection of their delicious flavor. Ah, they were "*very great.*" Now, although I have been somewhat slow in speaking of this,

you ought to return the compliment and vote for me, and I am sure you will do so. [Great laughter.]

"At this point Mr. Lutton arose and said: 'All right, Jim, that watermelon argument is entirely conclusive. If you will tell of everything else you stole from me and agree not to steal any more I will pledge you my vote.' Jim replied: 'Well, I would like to tell you about the apples, the peaches and the strawberries, but I am afraid I would tire you gentlemen if I gave you the whole list. [Laughter.]

"'Now, gentlemen, I like to talk to a man who inclines to vote against me, because then I have something to do, and when I get him off the fence and he agrees to vote for me he is so happy he rolls on the grass like a "yaller" dog with pure unadulterated happiness. That shows he was an honest man—that's why I like him and like to get his vote. And whenever he commences to turn around with a two-year-old-colt look in his eye I am satisfied.

"'Of course, there are honest differences of opinion in these matters.

"'Ask a Bostonian and he will say their girls are better educated than any others; ask Illinoisans and they will say their girls have more brains and better health than others; ask the Southerners and they will say their daughters

are more accomplished than any others; ask a Kentuckian and he will say their girls are 'bred in old Kentucky' and that is all that need be said on the subject. The Kentuckians think as did a tombstone maker in Frankfort—

"'Mr. Jones died and his widow ordered a tombstone and furnished an inscription to be placed thereon. She called later to see the job when finished, and asked the tombstone artist why he had neglected to put the inscription on the stone. He said: "Because I will not put a lie on a tombstone for you or anyone else. You say he has gone to a better land than this, and I know, and everybody else knows, there is no better land than Kentucky, and never will be, so there is the reason and that is sufficient."

"'So I do not blame you for having your own ideas about things, but do not forget that individual preferences should always give way when the public good and the welfare of the whole people requires you to vote for the humble individual who now has the pleasure of addressing you.

"'Men may differ on side issues, which is all right, but when it comes to the great substratum fundamental principles they will agree.'

"'Deacon Bent was a Baptist and Mr. Lane was a great Methodist, and they always quarrelled over their religion. But Mr. Bent was

sick and about to die when seeing Mr. Lane come in he said: "Lane, I am glad you came; I am going to die and I forgive you all you have said to me, and when the first train-load of the redeemed comes into Heaven I shall look for you on the front of the locomotive, and I will be ready to receive you." Lane says: "I forgive you all right, but, deacon, your are going to get well and not going to die now at all." The deacon said: "Well, Lane, in that case I will recall the forgiveness and we will fight it out." [Laughter.]

"'When you want to read poetry charged with pure, poetic fire, go to Ireland. When you want the best wine, go to Italy. When you want the best beer, go to Germany by way of Milwaukee. When you want the biggest trees and the biggest pumpkins, go to California. When you want to see the best scenery, visit the royal canyons and the eternal masonry of our own great Rockies. When you wish the best styles, go to France. When you would see the finest horses, go to Kentucky; but if you want to see the prettiest girls and the best wives and mothers on God's green earth, you will find them in the great State of Indiana! [Long continued applause.]

"'Now, gentlemen, I dislike to tell you, but every one of these pretty girls, wives and mothers, with tears in their eyes will beg you to vote for

Jim Cummings for sheriff of Orange county. [Great laughter.]

"'Our great republic is composed of the most imposing galaxy of states to be found on the map of the globe. See them stretching from the Atlantic Sea on the east to the Pacific on the west, and from the mighty chain of lakes on the north to the islands of the sea on the south. The American eagle can leave his home among the great Rockies and visit the ice-bound mountains of Alaska, and then come south, viewing the great lakes, and passing down the valley of the Mississippi to the "land of flowers," and can go a night's travel along the southern gulf, and can see, "in the dawn's early light," that the flag planted by Old Hickory in 1814 is still there, affording a panorama of scenery unsurpassed on the face of the earth; also, a variety of climate unknown elsewhere, and the most productive soil and the greatest diversity of products that can be catalogued by any nation in the world. And among all the great states of the Union, no one of them in general advantages surpasses the great State of Indiana, and no state equals her in the enterprise, intelligence and loyalty of her people. She is great, geographically; great in her lakes and rivers; great in her railroads and avenues of commerce; great in the production of her soil; great in her coal and stone; great in her lumber

and manufactories; great in her schools, churches, colleges and other institutions of learning; great in her courts, her judges and her statesmen; great in her war record and in her history as a state, and especially and above all great in the intelligence, loyalty and patriotism of her common people. [Great applause and a voice—"Jim, you are great yourself."]

"'Yes, my friends, you may undertake to construct a bridge across Lake Michigan; you may try to bottle up enough of summer weather to keep us warm all winter; you may undertake to scare the Mississippi River out of her channel and run her back to the frozen north; you may undertake to count on your fingers the sparkling diamonds of the Heavens on a starry night; you may undertake to break a hurricane to harness and haul the mountains into the midst of the sea, but you never can estimate the future richness of our great prairie state. The future value of the pebbled beds of our rivers, the rock foundations of our hills and the subsoil of our golden prairies will baffle the estimation of even future generations. We can never measure the enterprise, courage and perseverance of the stalwart men of Indiana, nor can we do justice to the goodness, courage and devotion of our wives and mothers. Their virtues, their grace and true womanliness is the purest

and most sacred thank offering that we can ever tender in gratitude to Heaven. When you are over yonder and come to the gate keep your mothers, wives and daughters in front of you and St. Peter will say, "Ladies and gentlemen from Indiana please walk in." (Laughter.)

"'The large buildings in the big cities of the Mississippi Valley are built with Indiana stone. The Kentucky whiskey is shipped in Indiana barrels. The cities are heated by Indiana coal and wood, and the health of the people from California to Maine is preserved by the healing waters of our great springs, and unfortunate inebriates, whose lives are blighted and their last hope gone, are saved, rejuvenated and given new health, strength, life and hope by drinking the waters of the Carlsbad Springs of Lost River Valley. [Great applause.]

"'In order to sustain the reputation of our great state, in order to have the business of this county properly transacted, in order to do justice to yourselves and your families vote according to your own best judgment, but do not for a single moment forget that the speaker is a candidate for sheriff and that he will be elected, and do not fail to vote—all of you vote—vote early and vote for the best man and I am content.

Don't Talk Behind One's Back.

"'My opponent says many unpleasant things of me, but they roll off into the filth where they find a congenial society. He has made so many questionable statements during the campaign that he has grown reckless, and I fear by the end of the campaign he will not have *a single moral* left in him. So accustomed have the people grown to disbelieve his statements that they would not believe him if he would tell the truth. But I will not talk behind his back. That is not the proper thing to do, as shown by the experience of Mr. Rukenbrod. He had been out drinking until two o'clock in the morning, when he came home and crept into bed and turned his back toward his wife. She said: "You need not turn your back, as you are drunk clear through." He said: "Mrs. Rukenbrod, I thought you were a lady." She replied: "I am a lady, and don't you say anything else." "Well," said he, "you may be a lady, but I never knew a lady to talk behind her husband's back." [Laughter.]

"'Now, gentlemen, I want to speak to you regarding

Our Courts and Judges.

"'In the old Roman times, soldiers, when entering the service of the government, took the sacred oath—the sacramentum.

"'This is the word from which comes our word sacrament. Any violations of that oath was traitorous and dishonorable as regards the man and disloyalty in the soldier. The duty resting on our judges is a sacred one. They are chosen because they are men of education, unspotted in character and learned in the law above their fellows in the legal profession. Being thus chosen by their fellow-citizens they cannot fail to recognize the deep sense of moral duty and honor that rests upon them. Their oath of office is an additional obligation upon them, to strengthen their sense of justice and duty. Again, there is no call upon them to act dishonorably and no inducement to disgrace the place of honor which has been placed in their keeping. Then how can they violate their duty and fail to do what they believe to be right.

"'When one has been wronged the duty resting upon them is to redress the wrong done, and this undoubtedly gives unbounded pleasure, springing from the very act of correcting the wrong, I can not believe and do not believe our judges are bad men, and I think it wicked and wholly wrong to say that our judges are corrupt. It is a most iniquitous statement. Not one judge in a thousand is corrupt. Disrespectful remarks concerning our judges lowers the estimate of the people for them.

"'Our judges must be respected. They are

above reproach. Any other course is unjust to them and equally unjust to ourselves. Our judges are our safeguards. They protect the weak and poor from wrong at the hands of the dishonest and powerful. They settle differences between us and prevent strife and useless controversies. The poor and helpless can draw near our courts with an abiding faith that they will be heard -their claims considered and their wrongs redressed.

"'We must select pure, good men for judges. Men that have the brains and sense to know what is right and the back bone to do their duty, and then to stand by the judges and protect them from unjust accusations. We should, to keep our courts pure, as the water from an unclean fountain must be tainted and unwholesome. Your vote makes our judges. It is your own act, so put the right men there, and then respect them and the position they hold. Never vote for an unfit candidate for judge. I am a Whig and expect Whig votes to elect me, but I would vote forty times for a Democrat, whom I know to be able and conscientious, before I would vote for a Whig who was unworthy, dishonest and unfit for the place. *We can not allow party prejudices or anything else to put the rights of the people in jeopardy and the poor and helpless in distress.* This is a duty we can not disregard. If we disregard this duty the

rights of widows and orphans will suffer. The rights of the people are jeopardized and the stability of our government endangered. Rather than vote for judges who would truckle to the influence of one man or any set of men and forget their duty to the people, let the court house be removed and let the plow-share turn the soil to raise an honest ear of corn for the poor. Rather than elect dishonest men as judges let the temple of justice be razed to its foundations and on its site let the rank weeds grow and nod their shameless heads in the winds. But never for once in your lives speak unjustly of the judges who are honest and do their duty to all the people and protect those who are unable to protect themselves.

"'Fellow citizens, I like Indiana because every citizen is rated at what he is really worth.

"'A brainless fop is not great because he was born of distinguished parents, but he must have metal of the true ring in him or he will never "ring" at all. "A calf is not a colt because it was born in a stable." Education, honest effort and individual worth constitute the only royalty we have in this state. Men are great, not on account of crowns on their heads and plates on their breasts, but because their heads are level and their hearts are right. I like Indiana because her people love their homeland

and are always ready to stand shoulder to shoulder in defense of that holy bond of peace and union —the flag of our common country. [Great applause.] We are all citizens of the greatest republic on earth, and whether by birth or adoption we are all sons of freedom. We all bow at the shrine of American liberty and glory in our national colors. That flag has waved over us—our pride—our protection—our inspiration and our hope, since the days of Washington, and *palsied forever* be the hand that attempts to lessen its stripes or tear a single star from that field of blue, which has been baptized with glory and consecrated by the tears and prayers of patriotic Americans for half a century. [Great applause.]

"'We are proud of our railroads; of our great ships that bear, to and fro, the commerce of the world; of the telegraph which sparkles over land and sea, but the surest and greatest indications of progress are the Christian homes around whose hearth-stones our children gather, the thousands of churches pointing their steeples to the sky, and the school houses that dot every state in the Union, preparing rising generations for the coming struggle of life. [Applause.]

"'And the unbounded charity of the people provides hospitals for the poor, and education for even the deaf, the dumb and the blind. With

these institutions, these schools, these churches, these God-blessed country homes sending their benediction over our country she will never grow old, but eternal youth will wreath our nation's brow for ever more. [Great applause.]

"'I was born in this county, was with you in boyhood, am with you for life and with you for everything that will better our country and our people. I am with you to sustain our churches and improve our schools. I am with you to raise our boys and girls in decency, with industrious habits, liberal education and full preparation for useful and honorable lives. I am with you for the protection of our homes, and for the happiness of our sisters, our wives and our mothers. God bless them all—they deserve it. I am with you to execute the laws of our country, with even-handed justice to everybody alike, whether you vote for me or not—whether you agree with me in politics or not, and whether you are white, negro or Indian, I will treat you all fair, and if you do not want this done do not elect me. But join me for the improvement of our country and the betterment of our people, and to uphold the dignity and integrity of our courts, and I am with you to the last wag of the hammer and the last roll of the drum. [Long continued applause.]

"'It is said that Orange County is founded

on a rock, but let me tell you that the future welfare of our county rests on better and more secure foundations, and that is the honesty, virtue, intelligence, industry and patriotism of our people. These foundations can never fail, but will remain in the hearts of our people when none of us are here, yes, even when our rock foundations have crumbled in the dust. [Applause.]

"'Our industries are varied and important. We raise beef, hogs, horses, hay, wheat, corn, oats, butter, poultry and the best watermelons west of the Ohio River. (A colored man:—"now you are talking and telling de truth, too.")

"'We have stone quarries innumerable and about a dozen grindstone and whetstone manufactories. The best mineral springs on earth, and I hear the boys are organizing a 'cat club' to keep the wild cats from carrying off the lambs. They had better set bear traps to prevent the city dudes from carrying off our prettiest girls. [Laughter.]

"'It is no wonder the people from other states are flocking in here. They come to regain their lost health at our springs. They come to grow fat on our beef, and they purchase from us grain, stock and other products, eat our butter and chickens and smoke our 'nigger twist tobacco.' They come to sharpen their intellect by

associating with our people and to sharpen their wits and their pocket knives on our whetstones—why I heard, at French Lick, the other day, that the mosquitoes from the swamps near Cairo came over here to sharpen their bills on West Baden whetstones, so they could perforate the hides of those Egyptians in Southern Illinois. [Great laughter.] The great advantages of people coming here from other states are that when they locate here and sharpen up and become well informed and intelligent citizens they invariably vote for Jim Cummings of Lost River Valley. [Great applause.]

"'My opponent likes to be called Hon. William Prescott—no familiarity allowed. Call him Bill and he would have nervous prostration from shock.

"'I understand he said he was always very much embarrassed when he arises to speak, and I believe that is true all right, because when he arises to speak he looks like a two-year-old colt brought on the track for his first lesson, and has a take-me-back-quick look in his eye, and the quicker they take him back and furnish him a *seat* the better for him, and a thousand times better for the people. Did you ever see him "capture" a public meeting? Now see him mount the steps—see him stroke his weeping willow mustache—see him give a yearling-calf look over the audience. Now wait for something

poetic, something profound and statesman like. Hush! szzz! Golly, he missed fire—a gentle murmur and he—retires. What expectation! What surprise! What nothing! As he came up the steps you heard that great frog in the swamp near by say, "BIG THING, BIG THING," as he retired, a katydid from a neighboring tree screeched out in its rasping voice, "PETERED OUT, PETERED OUT."

"'Now as regards myself I am not embarrassed, but proud and happy to have an opportunity to address the most honest, self-supporting and intelligent farmers in the State of Indiana. We raise everything we need, and are not compelled to go out of this county to procure the necessities or the luxuries of life. See our meadows and pastures stretching out before us, and miles of corn on every side bending in the wind like the waves of the sea. It makes our hearts glad and our homes secure.

"Aye, the corn, the royal corn, within whose yellow heart there is of health and strength for all the nations."

"'When I travel over the country my heart thumps with delight to see your comfortable homes, your grain, stock and especially to see you, your wives and children so happy and prosperous. They grow happier every time they recollect that they were raised in Indiana. That is the ideal life. That is the honest life. That is the life that brings independence, happiness and

content to yourself and your families. The great Washington spent his happiest days on his Mount Vernon farm. Thomas Jefferson enjoyed his last days in the gardens and groves at Monticello. Henry Clay declared his farm at Ashland the most pleasant spot on earth, and beneath the 'Great Elms at Marsfield, by the Sounding Sea,' Daniel Webster spent his happiest days admiring his fat cattle in the pasture fields. And we find our happiness in a healthy climate, seeing our crops and our stock improve every hour, and our families intelligent, contented and prosperous—the most self reliant and independent people on the face of the earth—and I know that no one of you will be so thoughtless in the midst of your prosperity as to fail to vote for Farmer Cummings of Lost River Valley. [Applause and "We'll do that, Jim."]

"'Now, gentlemen, this business of electioneering is about finished and the voting will soon be finished too, and somebody will be elected. You all know I was always very modest, really that has been the only drawback to my making a canvass of the county, and I do not like to speak right out in meeting and tell you who will be elected. I fear it might embarrass my opponent when he reaches the peroration of his last speech, but, gentlemen, when the votes have been counted and the four-horse shay passes through here car-

rying the sheriff-elect to the county seat, you will see the other candidates standing at the road side, the dust flying over them, and away up on the highest seat you will see the sheriff-elect holding his credentials in his hand, with *J. C.* on his baggage, waiving "Ta, ta" to his defeated opponents and advising them to go home until the next election, and to be sure to 'keep in the middle of the road."' [Great applause.]"

CHAPTER XIV.

Two Girls.

Mr. Pontus: "I heard of the experience of two girls who lived near here which I will give you:

"Emily and Sara loved each other more than sisters usually do. Their mother had died when they were eight and ten years old, and the father had transferred his love, for their lost mother, to her two little daughters.

"Their childhood and girlhood days had passed by so quietly and sweetly that womanhood seemed but the flower burst of the buds whose beauty and strength was the love and devotion of childhood.

"But innocent childhood preceded eventful lives. Emily, at the age of twenty, married a noble and provident husband. The sorrows of life were light to her, the frownings of fortune and pinchings of poverty formed no part of her life story. Leaving her father's home near Pittsburgh, she located beyond the mountains in the richest part of the Susquehanna Valley. Years and prosperity were yoke fellows about her magnificent home.

"Sara remained with her father and often congratulated herself upon her circumstances and her prospects for the future.

"She dreamed of the contentment and hap-

piness that a competence affords, and hoped that some day the one who would satisfy her soul in love and devotion would claim her, and that her life would be crowned with the full portion of usefulness and happiness usually coveted by good women.

"Years now passed by, and Sara married a gentleman who was a resident of this locality. That such love as these sisters cherished for each other should be disturbed seems unnatural, but unexpectedly the father died, leaving Sara to settle the estate, and her husband was an individual whom Emily considered unworthy of her sister, and unworthy to share the patrimony of her good father. Her timely and sisterly remonstrances, given without stint, were disregarded, and the influence of Sara's husband did not tend to heal the threatening breach.

"Sara, rich in money, rich in a husband's love, and richer than all in the hopes and imagery of the future, turned her face from the north and located in Lost River Valley, her husband's former home.

"There, in the beautiful Southern Indiana amid hills and valleys, where the sun smiles so kindly, she soon saw shadows among the vines that climbed about her home—shadows that grew higher and wider, until her fondest hopes of happiness were obscured, to be seen in the sunlight

no more. Her husband was a spendthrift and dishonorable, and his own and his wife's money and property were soon wasted—he then grew desperate.

"His remorse was too great for him; he ended his life with morphine, and his wife, the mother of two daughters, was penniless; her health and heart were utterly broken—broken beyond hope.

"For the first time in many years she penned a letter to her sister. This letter was full of sorrow, full of contrition, full of love and full of a quality of sadness that could not fall unheeded on a sister's heart.

"Immediately Emily sent her son to Sara with this letter:

'My Dear Sister:—
Bring the children and come with Rob to me, at once. He has money to pay everything. Do not delay one hour. Come.
Your loving sister,
EMILY.'

"The anticipation of a joyous welcome awaiting her so far away, inspired the frail woman with courage and confidence to undertake the journey, but she gradually weakened, and, when she reached Alleghany City, could go no farther. Rob dispatched his mother to come. That cold winter night Emily, with throbbing heart, passed westward over the Alleghany mountains through blinding snow storms and reached her sister's room one

hour before she died; their first meeting in sixteen years—their last one on earth.

"She was buried by the side of her father in the family cemetery, and Emily returned home with Sara's two orphan girls and was a better mother to them than their own mother had been able to be. Sara's elder daughter, who is now wife and mother in one of the happiest homes in Indiana, related this story to me. Its simplicity, pathos and sadness deserve a better interpreter than the one who tells it now."

CHAPTER XV.

Jumping Glory.

"One rainy morning Elijah Smoot, a colored man, came by, and as he could not work sat down and told the following:

"'There lived in a pool which received its supply of water from the overflow of Lost River the biggest frog that ever hopped into the water since Cæsar made mud pies. His home was not in the "Vasty Deep," but all over. The only one place that seemed dearer to him than all others was a large rock, on the edge of the pool, upon which he would climb and assume a position that showed him to be entirely content regardless of whether the wide world kept wagging or not. The place was love's young dream to him and especially so when the valley was filled from bank to bank with water supplied by the rains gathered from the great hillsides surrounding its head. The pool covered about five acres of very low ground, and the water that poured into it during the freshets never entirely dried up, thus providing his "frogship" with the visible means of support. I always was of the opinion that there was a quiet little spring, which kept the water supply sufficient to keep the pool fresh and full, which spring was, like Lost River,

lost to everybody but his majesty, the big frog. Our mutual friend was the biggest, longleggedest, spottedest frog that was ever known. I was first attracted by his extraordinary jumping qualifications. He would sit on his much loved rock until he thought the appropriate time had arrived for an exhibition of his peculiarities when he would, instead of sliding off into the water, make one clear-cut bound that would project his great long form, in a rainbow circle, away over yonder into the deep water with one glorious plunge. His color was a yellow ground with great frog-green spots and his legs were striped like a clown at the circus. His size, his activity, his color and independent conduct, won for him, in the vicinity, the name of "Jumping Glory." The boys all said he was cross-eyed, because he could see their approach regardless of the direction, without moving his head or blinking an eye. While he was "summer resorting" on that rock many a boy tried to carom a pebble from his slanting cranium, but before succeeding in doing so, Jumping Glory would be away, and something that looked long and slim as an eel, would pass away up, away over, into the deep water, when all sport at his expense was ended. Another thing: his appetite was always admirable, no lumbago in his back and his legs entirely free from rheumatism and

sciatica. He showed his good sense in remaining within touch of the medicinal springs in the vicinity. His voice was much admired by the ladies who continually went in ecstacies over the profundity, volume and basso qualities of his cheery voice. Once I heard it intimated that his musical education had been somewhat neglected in his youth, but such was not the opinion generally entertained by people of musical education and refinement; and ladies who had been abroad and had lessons from the great masters were unanimous in the verdict that his good looks were exceeded only by his lovely enunciation. In the quiet evenings when the moon was rising out of the Atlantic Sea, and the great rays, like those of a calcium light came west in waving, golden beams, then Jumping Glory was on his rock, in dreamy blissfulness, with a wont-come-off smile on his face and his quiet eyes filled with a look that clearly said, "keep out of my moonshine," and there he would sit enjoying inexpressible happiness. He likes to hear the multitude of insects singing among the trees in the evening, but still if a great blue bottle fly or a June bug came within four or five feet of him, he would make one of his gigantic leaps into the water, and while in mid-air he would take in his victim and sink into the pool in the enjoyment of both food and drink. Katydids were

"HE WOULD SIT ON HIS MUCH LOVED ROCK"

great favorites with him and I have frequently witnessed a katydid, being snapped up in the midst of a stanza, and then at the same moment pass into the throat of the frog and into the water and as the frog would disappear in the water and before the waves would close over him the full, clear notes of the katydid would sometimes come back as the grand finale of the scene. I have heard that swans would sing when dying, but these katydids would seem to sing sometimes after they were forever buried inside of Jumping Glory. I suppose the time the sound required to travel had something to do with this. Speaking of singing reminds me of Jumping Glory and his great voice; it was a *chur-chur-chung-chur-chur-chung*. Sometimes the carcasses of horses and other animals would be hauled on the low grounds below the pool and in every instance Jumping Glory would sit, in majestic solemnity, and chant the requiem of the dear departed. He seemed to have some opposition from the whippoorwill, who sent forth her melancholly song from the woods on the hillside, but still there never was an open clash between them, and when one of them had an attack of tonsillitis, or if one was absent or out of tune, the other one solemnly performed the duties omitted by his unfortunate comrade.

"'My house was in a pleasant grove about fif-

teen rods from the frog's pet rock, and when the water was low there was a clean little sand bar in front of the rock, so that in dry weather the frog had to jump fully twelve feet to strike safe water; and doing this part of the time from necessity, he did it the remainder of the time from habit; but I verily think he did it from choice, as he liked to exhibit his expertness in this regard. One day Aunt Jemima came to visit us. She was the largest, fattest, blackest colored woman I ever saw. She weighed over three hundred pounds and was quite tall. For some time I contemplated making two trips to get her over to the house. She was very religious and said her prayers out loud night and morning. She had a strong voice, and as our house was small, she concluded to say her prayers on the clean sand, near the water, so that the Lord could hear without interference. She liked to pray in secret, but she could always be heard for half a mile. While thus engaged the frog was seated upon his rock, as if he was superintendent and director general of the performance. But just as Aunt Jemima came to the big words at the close, a dog came rushing by. She hearing the noise, rose quickly as she said, AMEN, and the frog, scared at the same moment, made his jump, and coming at full speed, all sails set, and colors flying, hit her full in the face. She was not prepared for such a sur-

prise. It knocked her dizzy and helpless for a moment, and after the dreadful compact he kept clawing his clammy, duck-like feet and long toenails over her face and about her neck, seeking a foothold for another spring. She thought the devil had assaulted her. She screamed and bellowed and rolled on the sand. I ran to her relief and succeeded in getting her home, with her rigging somewhat disordered and she in a state of general collapse. She left the next morning for home and never in her life would she come again. When I suggested that it must have been a bat, she said: "You're crazy, boy, it was as big as your dog, and it tore me with great sharp claws, and I know it was the devil who tried to kill me because I prayed. No, sonny, don't try to fool me, I know what it was, I can feel his damp, clammy feet and claws yet." I thought that frog could bellow, and that my engine could blow, but the soul-stirring, heart-rending, long-distance screech that went out on the evening air when the devil struck Aunt Jemima will never be forgotten. It seemed to me that a fog-horn, a locomotive whistle, and a twelve-pound cannon had formed a trust to blow the inhabitants out of Lost River Valley.

"'I worked on a railroad and was fireman on the locomotive. We had a very strong headlight that would throw a light a mile ahead on the track. I had this light at home, to put it in order,

and a colored boy who worked with me, whom we called "Craps." One night we had about a dozen colored women, at a Quilting Bee in the afternoon, and they all remained to spend the evening. Knowing this, "Craps" and I got four sheets and sewed them together so as to make one great sheet. We fixed this on trees near the rocks with small ropes so we could raise it when desired, then "Craps" took the headlight and placed it so that the top of the rock was in direct line between the light and the canvas when raised. We thought it would work, as we knew Jumping Glory always selected the hightest point of the rock for his resting place, so he could see in case of danger, and so he could spring without obstructions.

" 'When dinner was over I sent "Craps" down to raise the canvas and turn on the light with great care. As the light slowly increased I could see the canvas distinctly, and there in the center was the frog in all his glory; the light being near the frog, it made a shadow ten feet long on the canvas. I said, "Well, what is that?" Everybody came to the front porch and there was a frog, as big as a street car, spread out before the wondering visitors, and what added to the interest of the spectacle more than anything else was that the frog was wondering too. He would turn his head to one side and

then to the other and wink his great crazy eyes, and once held up his front foot, showing his great fingers and claws which made it very thrilling. Some one said let us all go and see what it can be. I solemnly told them that they could go if they wished to take the risk, but that I would stay there. They did not go. The light slowly disappeared; the sheet was taken home and it has never been known how the dreadful scene in the swamp occurred, and with people, naturally superstitious, it created a great sensation, with Jumping Glory as the star actor.

" 'I gradually became a great friend of that frog. I knew that his immense propellers would make a meal for two at any time, and I have had many a hearty meal of fried frog legs, from that pool, but nothing could induce me to harm Jumping Glory. There never was a rain indicator more reliable than he. When a rain storm was approaching he would hop about everywhere. He would jump three feet farther from his rock. He was so delighted that he would have an immense pool to play in, and that the freshet of waters would bring him various kinds of fresh food. He was always happy and lively before a rain fall. If he prayed at all it was to the god of storms. After dinner I would light my corn-cob pipe, sit on the front porch, and as the smoke curled about my head I would turn my eyes to the

frog-rock and observe the conduct of its monarch which was always interesting to me and also indicative of the coming weather,—and as darkness gathered about him he would favor us with croaking that seemed to make the leaves quiver and the insect life hush its infantile clatter and start the night-long frog chorus of mid-summer evenings. He was great in all respects; great in his size; great in his leg power; great in his leaping abilities; great in his wisdom; great as a weather indicator; great in his croaking power; great in his beauty and variegated color; great in his independence; great in his vested rights in that rock and pool; great because no other frog dared to dispute his right. He selected his own banquet hall, his own swimming pool, his own mode of life, and seemed to be supremely happy even when left alone in his glory.

"'He was so unusually great, in so many respects, that he never can be excelled. Talk of the frogs brought up by Moses, by stretching his rod over the waters of Egypt; talk of the frogs brought forth by the magicians, with their enchantments which brought anguish of spirit and harrowed up the soul of Pharoah and his people; talk of the frog-like animal that appeared in the carboniferous period and disported on the muddy shores and swamps, and croaked in the ancient marshes of remote geological ages; talk of the

frogs from the Mississippi bayous who put the waters in a quiver with their thundering bass solos; talk of the cross-eyed tree frogs that chirrup their gingery serenade from the fruit trees you have planted with your own hands; talk of the frogs fattening in the preserves of Vienna to tickle the palates of the epicures of the Wiener Wald; talk of the hog-like grunting frogs of the West Indies and the horned-frog of Texas; talk of the product of the "frogeries" of France and England where stall-feeding makes them abnormally great; talk of the frogs rendered immortal by Aristophanes, in his Comedy of Frogs; but never in your life, for a single moment, imagine that you can ever beat the great Jumping Glory of Lost River Valley.' "

CHAPTER XVI.

Mr. Benton: "I suppose you read the Bible a great deal. Suppose you tell us a Bible story.

Mr. Pontus: "Well, if you wish I will tell you of

"Rebekah at the Well.

"About eighteen hundred and fifty years before the Christian era, Isaac was traveling with his camels and other property through the land of Mesopotania, which country was warm and the water very scarce. The old trusted man of the family had charge of the caravan, and when he came to a well he made the camels kneel so that they could rest and get water and locate comfortably for the night. In that country the young women were accustomed to carry water from the wells in pitchers upon their shoulders. While the servant and agent of Isaac was near the well, Rebekah came out, with her pitcher upon her shoulder and 'the damsel was very fair to look upon' and she went down to the well and filled her pitcher and came up with her pitcher upon her shoulder, and the trusted agent of Isaac ran to meet her and requested a drink of water and she, without hesitation, let down the pitcher and held it upon her hand and he drank of the water, and Rebekah then assisted

him in getting water for the camels and rendered him such assistance and gave such information as he desired.

"After this meeting at the well a conversation followed and the damsel then went home and told her mother all that happened and her brother was sent out to see the man at the well—who was still with the camels. The brother invited the man to the house and cared for the camels and provided for the men in charge of the caravan. It was the custom in those early years for the older men of the family to arrange with the wife, or with her family for her, and this trusted man of Isaac, had, before Isaac's time, been the adviser of Abraham, Isaac's father, and had watched over Isaac in his earlier years, and Abraham had charged him to seek for Isaac a wife from Abraham's own tribe and kindred and charged him that, 'Thou shalt not take a wife to my son of the daughters of the Canaanites in whose land I dwell,' and it was ascertained that night that Rebekah was not a Canaanite but was a descendant of the same family and was a distant relative of Isaac—perhaps a second cousin.

"The next morning it was arranged with the brother and the mother that the daughter should go and be the wife of Isaac, provided the daughter was agreeable to the arrangement—so

they called the daughter and consulted her and asked her if she would consent to go to be Isaac's wife and she answered, 'I will go,' and they gave Rebekah bracelets, earrings and other jewelry. And then Rebekah and her nurse, and her damsels left home and rode on camels to meet Isaac. And in the eventide Isaac went out into the field to meditate, and while so engaged he lifted up his eyes 'and behold the camels were coming.' And as they came nearer Rebekah saw a man in the field and upon inquiry was informed that it was Isaac. She then dismounted from the camel, put a veil over her and met Isaac in the field, and after explanations and mutual understandings, Isaac took Rebekah to his mother's tent 'and she became his wife.'

"From that time to the present, girls and boys have met at the well or at the springs, as we now have it. The happiest moments of many of their young lives has been on the pathway to the spring underneath the clinging vines, and thus wells and springs and girls and weddings have been associated together from time immemorial and will be for all time to come."

CHAPTER XVII.

Orange County and Its People.

"The entire eastern portion of the county is alternately rolling and level or gently undulating and is generally productive farming lands. Stone crops out here and there showing it to be plentiful. This is true of almost every portion of the county. Orange County is founded on a rock, or more correctly, on a great many rocks. As you go south the great hills claim your attention. Originally, the ground within this county was generally covered with forests, thick and umbrageous. The hills about French Lick and West Baden assume the mountainous character. For many years it has been a pleasant pastime for me to climb these hills on a clear morning and spend a day among them in the wild woods, enjoying the open air and magnificent views and breathing the vigor and strength gathered from the glorious atmosphere.

"The forests are dense and look black in the distance, especially on the great hill-sides. Here and there in these forests you see great white birch trees stretching their long trunks away up and so smooth and white, as you gaze from the distant hill, that they appear like ghosts in the woods. When you stand on a high hill and look

over the hills and valleys those forests, close to you may appear green, but the next bench of hills will look black; and those still further away will appear blue and those far out on the extreme limit of vision, appear almost azure blue as they loom up banked against the distant sky.

"The inhabitants of this county are a plain, industrious, honest, hardworking people; in business no people are more honest; in times of war no county can be relied on to furnish soldiers with less urging than Orange County.

"One of our old judges was asked one day what was the greatest product upon which the people of Orange County depended for their support and he said '*pensions.*' That so many good men had gone to war and were killed or disabled that it resulted in a great many pensions being paid by the government to the families of dead soldiers and to the crippled soldiers who still survive. From this state of affairs a royal compliment to the loyalty, bravery and patriotism of our people arises unbidden, challenging our attention and consideration. It shows that these hills and valleys rear loyal, brave men. It shows that stalwart, loyal men are the natural product of a country inhabited by a plain people who own their own homes, do their own work and 'greatly independent live.' It shows that boys and girls who take care of their business and

take care of their parents and their homes are more reliable than any others. It shows that boys who plow and sow and cradle and mow, who attend school, read much and learn to hunt and shoot are the best timber on American soil, out of which to make courageous, loyal, efficient soldiers. I can tell you points by which you can test a boy and if he stands the test you can rely on him.

"Does he work faithfully at some honorable employment? Does he depend on himself to make a livelihood?

"Does he try to improve his mind? Is he temperate? Does he assist his parents and his sisters? If so, you can rely upon him for life. Boys generally, who are raised in the city and are burdened with city ways, will not compare with the plow-boy for those sterner qualities that go to make up a useful and reliable man. The chances are greatly in favor of an honest, hard working country lad who lives at home and provides for and helps his mother and is happy making life pleasant for his sisters. This fact is so well established and so well understood that the fathers and mothers throughout the county act on it in the great emergencies and the graver matters of life.

"This truth was illustrated by an incident which occurred in our neighborhood. Mrs. Davis

had a lovely daughter, Florence, to whom John Banks had been devoted in his attentions for a whole year. The mother called the young man into the parlor to have a talk with him, she said, 'You have been paying attention to my daughter for over a year and I want to know if you are serious in your intentions and do you expect or intend to marry her or what do you desire and expect to do?' John said, 'I am ready any minute to marry Florence, but I have an old mother and a sister at home. I get but sixty dollars a month, and I always send thirty dollars every month to my mother and I fear that I cannot support a wife and myself on thirty dollars a month. I want to marry Florence, but how can I take proper care of her? I love your daughter very much. I should long ago have asked your consent to our marriage, but I fear that I could not take good care of her on my present salary, but I have saved up two hundred dollars, and just as soon as I have something more ahead I will marry her if she is then ready and willing to be my wife.' Mrs. Davis looked at John a moment and said, 'John, I did you injustice. Any boy who will take care of his mother and sister, will take care of his wife. I consent to your marriage to my daughter, and I will help you and her—God bless you, my boy.'"

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Past. The Future.

"This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?"

"When I look back over the years that have passed over my head, I can, in the darkest night, in my imagination, see the old scenes arise before me. I can see the wooded hills stretching to the limit of my vision. They rose against the sky like a barrier. I loved those great forests. I would look over them and my heart throbbed with delight when I could, on a clear morning, go into those dark forests to return home only as the shades of night gathered about me.

"Those hills have been shorn of their foliage-crowned covering. They never were what would be considered wild and picturesquely thrilling, but a far reaching, refreshing and magnificent beauty that rests the eye and awakens thoughts and ideals of the beautiful and the grand.

"I can imagine those hills now as they used to be when I loved them so. The distant tops of those great hills formed the bound of my infant world, the horizon of my youthful gaze. The days one after another passed over them and returned no more forever. They hemmed in the

river, the Valley, my people and my hunting grounds, and they were my world, my home and my delight.

"Although the Indian tribes were scattered from the pictured rocks of Lake Superior to the palm-covered river banks of Florida, yet before the advance of the white man, they faded away like the stars when the gray light of morning climbs the eastern sky. The coming in of the white man and the going out of the Indians, so gradually but certainly done, awaked the most intense sadness in my heart. See the beautiful woods, the villages of Indian tents stretched along, among the shade trees. Men busy with their work or the chase and the dogs whining to be liberated to enter the timber where all was skill, care and manœuver. The Indian women and children were happy at home. Yes, a nation of happy, healthy people, but living with the mutterings of the distant storm growing more distinct and the dreadful threatening that the very existence of the Indian would no longer be tolerated and that the race would be blotted from the face of the earth, becoming more apparent and more certain. The braves gathered near here and went forth to make the final struggle for their hunting grounds, for their homes, their wigwams, their wives and children and to protect their scanty property, being all they possessed on earth. The music of

the fife and drum, so inspiring to the conqueror, spoke a savage terror to the hearts of my people, and much as I love my country, its flag, its music and its people, the sound of fife and drum ever vividly recalls that dreadful scene with its unmeasured and undying sadness.

"Lo! I hear the beaten drums—their long roll
Affrights the quiet of the peaceful air,
And startles quick memories in my soul
Of those who were young and brave and fair."

REMINISCENT.

"The god of war frowned on our braves when they went out to battle. They were slain. The defense, the pride and hope of our tribe, lay still in death on the bloody battle-ground. The race was undone. The valleys, the hills, the rivers, the homes so dear to a bereaved and broken-hearted people, were left behind, and they slowly, solemnly and bravely moved away, and all that was dear to them on earth was taken from them forever. Ah, my friends, who can measure the depth of their sadness? Who but those men and women can know the intensity of the grief that filled their bursting hearts! The sun rose to look upon a people bowed down. The nation was in tears. Tell me, I pray of you, what rights were allowed them? Tell me how a just God could treat his children so? Tell me, by what principles of Christianity and of the gospel were

my people driven away? Were the white men generous and noble to a people who were unable to defend themselves? Did you do to others as you would that others should do to you? My friends! Yes, truly, my friends, tell me why did you treat my people so? (Here Uncle Joe bowed his head upon his hands and great tears fell down; he then continued.) Pictures make a deep impression upon me. I can remember the details of striking paintings most distinctly, but never was there a picture so sad to me as the departure of the Shawnees. The image of that scene is still pictured before my vision. My mind is old and impressions are gradually fading from the tablet of my memory and passing into oblivion, but, my friends, how distinct on my wrinkled vision and how sad to my trembling heart was that final departure of my people from this valley, so dear to their fathers, so dear to them all. Surely 'God moves in a mysterious way.'

"When I see the great seal of the State of Indiana with the buffalo fleeing westward, and the white man chopping down the trees, how well do I understand what that means. The artist who made that seal must have known the historical truth. He must have witnessed those vivid scenes. But why did he not complete the picture by showing an Indian mother leaving her home with her helpless child in her arms, her heart full of

sorrow and her eyes full of tears? But the struggle was over. The victory over my despised people was complete. Their presence no longer provoked trouble nor invited suffering.

"When these wars—these thunder-storms of the ages—had ended all contentions and dispelled all enmities, a wonderful peace rested upon the land and a more wonderful prosperity blessed the American people. The white man came, and instead of continuing his cruelty and injustice he 'had taken off his horns,' he had hung his gun on the wall. He, his mother and his wife were full of tenderness and were no longer enemies. He ceased warfare. He built houses, chopped down the beautiful groves, raised corn and other grain, raised stock, plowed the ground, and the women came with their children, and comfortable homes soon were seen everywhere. The early settlers were a good people. Good soldiers make good citizens, and the tenderness and care given to the little ones by their mothers always proved their goodness, their intelligence and the Christian devotion of true women. I continually watched the love and care given the little ones, and the benefit of being raised in a house with such mothers.

"The argument and the conclusions arising from these scenes were irresistible to my mind. I prayed the Great Spirit to strengthen me. I

struggled to rift the clouds of sadness that bore me down and to break away the grief that had broken my heart a thousand times. With a determination as strong as death I arose from my bended knees to welcome the coming day. Now I know it, I am sure of it, that the Christian home under the care of a devoted wife and mother is the most elevating institution on earth. It is the greatest influence that blesses the lives of the young and prepares them for usefulness. Then the schools and the churches soften, elevate and strengthen the rugged natures of men—breathe into them the inclination to intelligent thought and makes them mentally strong and practical. Now I can see that the Indian is not raised properly. How I love to see the boys play ball and other games, but indolence and playfulness for grown men is very bad in its results, and I continually desire that the Indians could have had, and their descendants even now might have, the advantages and preparation for life that the youth of white families enjoy.

"I see pleasant homes, great fields of grain, factories, shops, schools, churches, and sociability about me. I see industry, labor, production of commerce, education, intelligence, and all that goes to make a people intellectual, useful, independent, prosperous and happy.

"These are the considerations that caused me to stay with the white people, and I have during my whole life, after the years of boyhood, welcomed every influence that made me one of the white people. They have ever been good to me, and I pray God to bless them for their universal kindness, unworthy as I am.

"The fact that there is an overruling government, the fact that that government is sovereign and powerful, that it protects its children, that it is operated for the benefit of its people, that it is operated so as to educate the young and furnish homes and employment for everybody, makes it respected, makes it strong, makes it what it ought to be—*the protector*, the guide, the safeguard and friend of the people. Why should we not love the government, defend the government, stand by its flag? It is now the protection, the pride, the safety, the hope of all of the people—even if some of them are of Indian blood.

"At times storms and darkness seem to blot out the very sky that bends over us, but when the storms have passed away the old eternal blue again appears in all its purity and grandeur; thus tempests, dangers and wars have threatened to tear down the flag of our nation, yet when the waves of time and war and death have passed, that emblem of national freedom still waves over us, rendered dearer, stronger and more enduring by its trials and dangers.

"This country is naturally great. Its extent is so far-reaching and the ground so rich, both above and below the surface, that a reasonable estimate of its worth is impossible beyond all controversy. If we consider the geography of our country we have a field before us calling for calculation, consideration and reflection. Hills, valleys, mountains, meadow land, lakes, springs, brooks and rivers pass before us in a wide-spreading and changeable panoramic scene sufficient to awe well balanced minds, and even strike them dumb with admiration and astonishment. Rocks on the mountains for the masons and builders; black loam in the low-lands which grow the greatest crops on earth; timber everywhere for uses that are so varied as to baffle the most scholarly estimation; gravel banks for foundations and roadbeds; clay for brick, tile-work and crockery; coal in unlimited varieties for fuel, and water-powers that will cause the experts of the world to stand in silence and wonder until exhausted, and then to gaze and wonder still. When centuries have passed the wonder will still be increasing.

"The timber of our country has been, and will be, an unending source of profit both in the shape of lumber and for ten thousand uses in implements, machinery and in the planing mills and manufactories throughout the country. The varieties and kinds of trees grown in certain localities, and

so many of them being indigenous only to those localities, and taken altogether constitutes a most complete and most useful supply for the use of the whole country.

"In some portions of the south the magnolia grows in such profusion and of such prodigious size as to form great forests, scenting the air in the spring-time with their odor for long distances. In the north there are hardier trees which are utterly unknown in the south. The same is true with the east and west as is evident by the umbrageous elms which beautify and protect the shore of the sounding sea on the east, and the redwood trees in the valleys near the Golden Gate, which are sometimes found nearly one hundred feet in circumference at the ground and reach the surprising height two hundred feet. Where else can such a variety of timber be found; where can it be utilized in so many ways, and where is there a people on the face of the earth who are so quick and so ready to appreciate the great variety of the uses for which it is suitable?

The Soil.

"The soil of our country is unique in this, that it grows one vegetable in the south, another in the north, and so with the east and west, and yet taking altogether the all-around products raised in the entire country baffles all calculation.

"The great cotton belt produces cotton, corn, rice, sweet potatoes, small grains and vegetables. The east comes forward with its exhibit of apples, farming products and fruits and garden produce generally. The north boasts of its great wheat and corn fields, surpassing any nation on the face of the globe in the aggregate production of grain, corn and other products, and when we turn to California the products of the soil, including fruits, flowers and garden products, are so great in size and quantity, that stating the naked truth about them sounds like a fairy tale, staggering the credulity of mankind. But let us consider the central portion of our nation—and that means the center of the producing world—the Mississippi valley. It is located midway between the great oceans washing the eastern and western shores of the continent, midway between the Alleghany and the Rocky mountains, midway between the great chain of crystal lakes on the north and the great warm tempestuous gulf on the south, midway between the great commercial interests of our country, and midway between the various settlements and masses of our great, growing, homogenous population. The great Ruling Spirit of the universe arranged all this. He planted the hills, the great waters on the south, the lakes on the north, the mountains pregnant with coal on the east and the eternal masonry of

the Rockies on the west. He stretched out before us the rich and far-reaching prairies of this section, which surpass even the historic plains of the Nile in extent and productiveness. He scattered the farmers over this western country almost as thick as the snowflakes of our winter storms.

"And to complete the richness and utility of this section, and making it the crowning and paramount field of productiveness and industry, He located the father of waters in the center of that great valley.

"This river is the unfailing source of water for all—the great avenue of commerce for the western world, the commercial link between the northwest and the southland and the Southern Sea. Its tributaries ramify the country with navigable streams, thus bringing the busy west in touch with the restless sea, making it the shipping way for the farm and factory products of the west, and an untold blessing to a great producing people.

"Where under the blue canopy that bends over us can we find such richness of soil, so many acres of unusual productiveness, such facilities and conveniences for business, such stimulating encouragement for a vigorous and enterprising people? How rich the promise of future greatness, how strong the hope of future prosperity. How great the encouragement to a peculiarly favored people.

It is not surprising that men are quick to rally in defense of such a country. It is not surprising that soldiers will be loyal to the national government. May God save the commonwealth of Indiana; protect our nation and its liberties; bless our people, not forgetting the women and children of our homes and firesides.

"It is the early impressions of home and school that survive the struggles of time and years, and the early teachings that abide forever; thus when men and women leave their homes in Indiana and locate in the distant west they still use the same words, cling to the same habits, say the same prayers and sing the songs of their native hills, and these words, habits and songs cling to them, regardless of distance in miles and years, and pass from one generation to another. Thus we find that the cradle songs that the mother taught her babes in the Valley of Lost River, in the Valley of the White, the Wabash and the Ohio Rivers forty years ago, are now being sung by the young mother to her babes beside the western rivers, in the shades of the Rockies and in prairie homes of the far Northwest. The hymns sung by parents on the banks of their native rivers half of a century ago are now being chanted under the shadow of the pictured rocks of Lake Superior and swell the song echoes among the cliffs of the distant Oregon; thus the virtues and

teachings of parents and teachers are recorded, not on printed pages, but on the hearts of loving children, from one generation to another, and will live on and on and on. Can such goodness die? Nay, such monuments will live in beauty and in glory when marble shafts have crumbled in the dust.

"We live in an age of progress; an age when human progress is making unheard of strides over the entire world, and especially in our country, and, considering the achievements of the past fifty years, what kind of a story will be told fifty years hence? I am thoroughly convinced that the next fifty years will see many new inventions and improvements more wonderful and astounding than any of the past. It would not be surprising if some of us would live to see the storms of the mountains, the air of the heavens and the wind and waves of the ever restless sea being harnessed as motive power.

"Let us be thankful that we have lived in an age affording such unparalleled opportunities; let us thank God that we have lived in an age in which such gigantic strides have been made in all the departments of human progress; let us thank Him that the National Union, the Union of the school boy of fifty years ago, the Union of Washington and of Webster, still remains 'one and inseparable'; let us thank God

that we, our children, and our grand-children at our knees, are permitted to live under the protecting folds of that stalwart emblem of assured national unity—the American Flag—the proudest, freest, purest flag that ever floated on the bosom of the morning air."

Mr. Benton: "Now, Mr. Pontus, we are sorry to tell you that we are going to leave to-day and will not be able at this time to call again, but we all promise you that we will take great pleasure in coming to see you when we come again to the Springs.

"We have enjoyed our conversations with you much more than I can find fitting words to express. We have learned many things from you that no one else could have told us. We admire you because you were wise to appreciate the advantages of education and the society of white people; because you were loyal to the government and have appreciated its advantages; because your loyalty and love for your state and its people has been most thorough and unwavering during all these years. We have all been pleased at the great love you have shown for the memory of your mother. We hope that you may be well and prosper until we come again, when we shall not fail to see you."

To this Mr. Pontus replied: "Gentlemen, I regret exceedingly to have you go, as I have

enjoyed your visits very much. Our conversations gave me an opportunity of thinking over the past.

"They have recalled to my mind many things and many persons that I perhaps would never again have remembered had you not called. I am going to the reservation to visit my mother's people and will stay a month or two and will stop with the Chief, as I will be very welcome there. This porch and this beech tree will stay here, and when you come again I sincerely hope that I may meet all of you again. I hope you may all be well and prosper. God bless you, gentlemen. Good-by."

Added by Mr. Benton: "Two years later I came again to the Springs and asked for 'Uncle Joe.' I learned that shortly after our last visit he left this valley to visit the Shawnees and his relatives among them; that he spent a month with the chief of the tribe, visiting among the people; that the water of the Sciota valley did not suit him, resulting in his sickness, and, although they called the most skilful physicians in the country, Mr. Pontus grew worse and died, and that his friends there buried him in their cemetery among the graves of his relatives. So that I never saw him again, and I feel sad now because his body was not brought back and buried beside the grave of his mother. I know it was his wish to sleep beside her in this valley, in this state and among the people he had learned to love with a loyalty and faithfulness that was sincere and unwavering to the latest moments of his life."

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Legends of Lost River Valley
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